ΚΟΣΜΟΒΡΕΦΙΑ,

OR THE

INFANCY OF THE WORLD:

With an *Appendix* of Gods reſting day, *Eden* Garden; Mans Happineſs before, Miſery after, his Fall.

Whereunto is added, *The Praiſe of Nothing*; *Divine Ejaculations*; *The four Ages of the world*; *The Birth of Chriſt*;

Alſo a Century of Hiſtorical Applications; With a Taſte of Poetical *FICTIONS.*

Written ſome years ſince by *N. B.* then of *Eaton* School; And now publiſhed at the requeſt of his Friends.

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15454.35.13 *

Basilius Seleucienſis:

Deus cùm res creatas in morem ſcalæ adaptaverit, per eas ſui amantibus, aſcenſum ad ſe extruxit. Sermone primo.

Basilius Magnus:

Deus fecit mundum: ut bonus, utilem: ut ſapiens, pulcherimum: ut potens, maximum.
Si hæc didicerimus, nos ipſos agnoſcemus,
Deum cognoſcemus, conditorem adorabimus,
Domino ſerviemus, patrem glorificabimus, nutricium diligemus, benefactorem reverebimur, authorem præſentis et futuræ vitæ colere nunquam deſinemus. In Hexametro.

Auguſtinus.

Interrogavi molem mundi, dic mihi, esne tu deus meus? et reſpondit voce forti: Non ſum Deus tuus, ſed per ipſum ego ſum: quem quæris in me, ipſe fecit te et me, et eum quære ſupra te et ſupra me. In ſolilcqūijs.

Pro. 16. 4. *The Lord hath made all things for himſelf.*
Pro. 3. 19. *The Lord by wiſdome hath founded the Earth, by underſtanding hath he eſtabliſhed the Heavens.*
Pſal. 8, 1. *O Lord our God, how excellent &c.*

To the Right Honorable, FRANCIS ROUS, Esq; Provost of Eaton Coll. and one of the Council to his Highness the Lord Protector:

N. B. *wisheth encrease of grace, and peace, in Christ here; and everlasting glory hereafter.*

Right HONOURABLE,

IT is now six years compleat, since I was through your favour, removed from my late reverend fathers side; and plac'd in that Famous, and flourishing School of Eaton: from whence, after some continuance there, haveing not the happiness (nor was I alone) to be transplanted elsewhere, in a Colledg of the same foundation: whither want of learning, or somewhat else, as much (what if I say more?) look'd upon

by many now adays, or both, were impediments? I ſhall not now ſtand to determine; but ſure I am, though I could be ſo forward as the beſt, yet was I as ardently deſirous after knowledg as the moſt, and happily, I may truely ſay of others, what I ſhould bluſh to ſay of my ſelf; that in them was verified that of the Poet *Juvenal*,

Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus
Res anguſta domi. (*obſtat*
Can vertue be advanc'd? noe, vertue's poor;
Thou bring'ſt nought (*freind*) *goe get thee*
(*out of door.*

Neither doth it now repent me of going into that Labyrinth, though I could not get out by the ſame clue: for I confeſs it hath much bettered my knowledg, in the finding out many difficult intricacies in the moſt uſeful tongues. And that I might not be ungrateful unto you by whome I have profited, I thought it not amiſs (eſpecialy

cialy knowing you to be affected with Poetry) to preſent you, for a new-years gift, theſe firſt fruits gathered at play-times there; they being the recreative condiments to my Philological Studies; humbly craving your Honors acceptance of them: And although they are not ſo fair, nor ſo ripe for your ſake as I could wiſh them, yet are they as good as the third *Luſtrum* of mine age was then able to produce, which I hope may render them the more pardonable, if they taſte harſh and untoothſome. I cannot but ſay they are too mean to ſtand in competition with ſo great a favour; yet I conceive they may ſerve as well as the beſt, to teſtifie my unwillingneſs to ſtifle your name in the River *Lethe*, or to rake up the glowing embers of the encourageing bounty of my honorable *Mæcenas*, in the aſhes of Oblivion: My Muſe therefore haveing nothing elſe, leaves theſe leafes with you

as a conciſe Epitomie of the voluminous thankfulneſs own you by

Canterb. Dec. 29.
1656.

Sir,
Your Honours obliged
ſervant, and dayly
Oratour.

NICH: BILLINGSLY.

TO

To the Candid Reader,

Gentle Reader,

I Little thought when firſt I compoſed theſe few lines, that they ſhould ever appeare in publique view; but thy kind entertainment of my firſt Pilgrim that adventured abroad into the world, hath emboldned me (my friends likewiſe, whome I have cauſe to honor) very much encouraging me thereunto, to thruſt upon thee this ſecond alſo, which how well thou wilt uſe I know not, for that I muſt ſtand to thy courteſie; But I tell thee this beforehand, thou muſt not expect here any ſtrong lines, high tow'ring fancies, and ſoaring inventions, which were (when I penned this) inconſiſtent with my boyiſh years. If the natures of Wells,

Rivers, Fountains, Springs, Trees, Plants, Flowers, Birdes, Beasts, Fishes, Starrs &c. *delight thee to know, thou hast them here set down as well as I could, and I wish they were better for thy sake then they are: although, I must needs say, I colected them for mine owne pleasure and profit: For the first I found no better remedy to rouse my selfe out of my dumpish malencholy (to which I was naturaly enclined) then a fit of Poetry. For the second I conceived that my digesting into a little roome what I found scatered here and there in divers Authors, touching this subject (which is so exceeding comprehensive) might be advantageous to my memory in the retaining of the several Species of things created, and that so my soul might rise up to a higher pitch, in admiring at the All-creators glory. Thus (Reader) dost thou see how I aymed at mine owne ends in scribling this Tractate. Now my desire is thou maist find the same ends in reading of*

of it, that the Lyricks *words might be made good in me;*

Aut prodeſſe volunt *&c.*

To profit or delight, Poets take care;
Or to doe both at once, delighted are,

Thy freind to ſerve thee

if thou pleaſeſt.

N. B.

The Worlds Creation, ſung by Mr. *Nichola Billingſly*, at fifteen years of Age.

PEace to Du Bartas *Ghoſt: no murthers here,*
Or ſhould we touch our deare dead Sylveſter
Would vocal bloud out murther, murther cry,
With witneſſes in gules, 'gainſt Billingſly?
No, no great ſouls, your weeks all yeares out-run
And like your world wait on Conflagration.
At firſt divineſt love with brooding wings (things
Made warme the worlds great egg, in which all
Like Atomes ſlept untill th' Eternal one
Old nothing wakened to perfection.
Since when ſome wits at Moſes *buſh took light,*
Enough to blind the dim-eyd Stagyrite:
And by their numbers taught Philoſophy;
How, when began the worlds Epiphanie.
Amongſt the reſt our friend not paſt fifteen,
Who from his girdle upward's, epicene;
Apollo-*like, without a beard, nor can*
His doubtful chin betray him to be man.
This Cockrel-muſe betimes in his owne morn,
Hath clap'd his wings, and ſung the World is born.

Wl: Iacob. Φιλίατρος

To my friend the Author of this Book
cui Titulus eſt Κοσμοβεφία

Non ſat erat legiſſe ſemel, bis terque libellum,
Ipſe quater legi, lectus & uſque iuvat.

Dull Panigericks are not worth a ruſh,
Good wine will ſell without an Ivy buſh;
A well compacted Poem will invite
Each Readers pallate, whet the appetite:
A comely feature needs no paint, and where
Bright Sol *doth ſhine, we need no Tapers there.*
Then take this Nothing naked as it is,
A Metaphiſick, Hymne, or Geneſis:
Du Bartus *firſt,* (*let* Bartas *have his due*)
Imparted to us what Sylveſter *knew.*
My learned friend well mounted, ergo bolder,
Vpon Du Bartas *and* Sylveſter's *ſhoulder,*
Did (Janus *like*) *look backward and before*
And ſaw as much as all the reſt, or more:
Nay pregnant he, before his glaſs had run
Full fifteen winters, was the Muſes Son;
Of nothing, he could ſomething then indite,
To non-plus him that was the Stagyrite.
O curſed Hereticks! who dare to tell
A race of men, before the firſt man fell:
Read but this Book thou wilt beleeve as ſoon,
Phantaſtick world's created in the Moon.

Edvardus Br owne
Cantuar. Reg. Scho.
Archi-didaſc.

Januar. 1
5656.

'Ex

Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχόμεσθα πρὸς γὰρ Διὸς ἐσμὲν ἀπαν
Πλαχὸι —— ——

God, the moſt great and mighty Architect,
Did all of nought, but his owne love, erect;
And by the pleaſure of his free good will,
With wonderous works the heaven and earth di
And on each creature in this Univerſe,
Did ſtrange and ſundry natural gifts diſperſe:
His boundleſſ power, the dead from ground can rai
And out of Sucklings mouths doth perfect praiſe
VViſedome he gives to men of elder yeares,
And it in very young ones oft appears:
VVitneſs the Author of this worthy Book,
VVho at his age of fifteen undertook
This his induſtrious and painful task,
Gods wonders great in nature to unmaſque:
VVherein the reader may his ſoul delight
Of God himſelf in haveing ſome ſweet ſight:
VVhich ſhould the heart to be ſet on him move,
For his great goodneſs, wiſdome, power and love.

By *R. Cr.* Reg. Scho. *Cantuar.*
Hipo didaſc.

Amic

Amico ſuo Authore amore nec non affinitate conjunctiſſimo.

Ternis rem grandem verbis, includere dictus
Unus erat Patrum; ſit tria verba liber:
ria mira bonis ponis graviterque libelum
Muſa dat; exiguum nec ſale mole carens.

Tho: Wotton.

To my Son (in Law) upon his Poem.

A Silly Aſs for ſome diſaſter,
Reprov'd the madneſs of his Maſter:
nd ſhall not I ſpeak now in ſeaſon,
ho am a man endued with reaſon;
ſpecially when God appears
merciful to tender years;
that he would his praiſe be ſung
y one that was exceeding young;
teach us how to bleſs his name,
ho all-things did of nothing frame:
y prayers ſhall ſtill to God be ſent,
o bleſs his little inſtrument.

Iohn Stodder.

To

To my deare Brother the Author of this Bo
called Κοσμοβρεφία.

VVHat write so well as this, and but fift
How ripe art thou in wit? in years
In the Aurora of thine age, betimes, (gre
How expert art thou in composing Rhimes?
My Muse (alas!) scarce ever could aspire
To make a verse; Apollo and his Lyre
Are strangers to me; on the forked hill
I never slumbred; never bath'd my Quill
In Hipocrene: but haveing read thy Book
Of the Worlds birth, my Pen in hand I took,
And went to write, indeed, I could not chuse
But make a verse, inspired by thy Muse.
I well remember what a deal a doe
I made to fumble out a verse or two.
VVhen on Apollo, and the triple Trine,
I only did reply for Discipline;
VVorth's in thy Book, and what care I who know
Love wings my Muse; 'tis love makes me a P

John Billing

To my good friend Mr. *Nicholas Billingsly* in Honor of this work, penned by him about the fifteenth yeare of his age.

God that did all things out of Nothing raise,
And hath from mouths of Babes ordain'd his praise
When thou wast nothing but a suckling Muse.
The Chaos of a man, he did infuse
His grace so in thy heart, that thou in verse
Didst portray out his glorious universe:
To sing his praises, he did make thy Pen
Distil celestial Nectar: yea, and when
Thou wert a stripling he did then adorne
Thy fruitful head with th' Amalthean horn.
Thou like another Grand-seir, to each creature
Hast given a name according to its Nature:
Of Trees, Plants, Stones, their secret mysteries
Of Beasts, and Birds thou writest plaine Histories:
Whiles others af thine Age misspent their times
In toys and pastimes, thou in sacred Rhimes
Applid'st thy self to celebrate the praise
Of God that first hath lent unto thee days:
And if such fruit thy tender buds bring forth,
In riper age admir'd shall be thy worth.

Jo: Swan. Cleric.

Ian: 20.
1656.

Th

To my friend the Author, on his Poem intituled Κοσμοβρεφία,

WHen I ſurvey thy well-compoſed piece
I ſtand amaz'd at thy rare Artifice
Thy curious Pencil guided by a hand
More skilful then Apelles *could command,*
Hath, to the greateſt Artiſts emulation,
A ſtately Landskip of the Worlds Creation,
Drawn to the life: my friend each poliſh'd line
Is guilded o're with eloquence divine:
VVhich feeds with loftier Ayers, judicious ears
Then thoſe cauſd by the motion of the Spheres.
I'le only add, by way of approbation,
Thy ſerious Work's an heavenly Recreation,

Francis Taylo

Cant. Jan: 1.
1656.

In Amici ſui meritiſſimi: *Nicholas Billingſly* amænam Κοσμοθεωριας Synopſin Carmen Encomiaſticon, *Januar.* 16. 1657.

In nova fert animus Lector? novus iſte libellus
Mira quidem dictu, ſed nova ſacra tenet.
Protulit ex nihilo divina potentia cuncta:
Infantem Mundum, Muſa tenella canit;
Muſa diu lasitans hæc, Etonenſis Alumni,
Proripit in lucem; dant tria luſtra ſenem.
Accipias lectu digniſſima carmina; fructus
Si tibi; & Authori laus; honor atque Deo.

On the ſame:

Thoſe various Species which thine eye may look
Vpon i'th' Volumne of the worlds great Book,
Six days was Midwife too; and then God ceas'd
From working, yet from working doth not reſt:
For he it is ſupporteth all things ſtill,
By the Eternal purpoſe of his will.
My friend (kind Reader) ſends thee nothing leſs
Then all-things preſſing, from the ſweating Preſs:
A worke, ſome years agoe by him compil'd,
At fifteen years of age, a very child:
The Muſes nurſt him on Parnaſſus tops,
And fil'd his Quill with Heleconian drops;
Which if thou mind, I make no queſtion of it
But thou wilt find pleaſure co-chaind with profit.

Tho. Carter. *Cleric.*

In Amici ſui meritò Chariſſimi Mundi Cu-
bula ſine Κοσμοβιφίαν.

Carmine ſi molli vafrum traducere Ulyſſem,
Divorumq; Ortus, truculentaq; Ceſaris ar
Dicere Apollineis dignentur frondibus altis :
Ab Jove principium primaq; ab origine Mundi,
Rerum primarias verſu diducere cauſas,
Quæ laus? quod decus eſt æterno marmore dignu
Scivimus Iliadas angusta in nuce coarctus ;
Aſt hic in parvo cernendus Cortice Mundus ;
Omnia nempe tuo Serventur clauſa libello ;
At nè cuique nihil juſtè videretur abeſſe,
Et nihil extremum merito ſuperadditur ipſum ;
Talia ſi ſcribas ævo miranda Minori,
Quanta ſuis tandem ſeris ſperemus ab annis.

Jo. VVind Interi. Tem
alumnus et nuper
Coll: VVad: Commo

To his very loving friend, Mr. *Nicholas Billingsly*, on his curate Poem.

ATomes, say some, by chance together thrown
The world was made of: sure had they but known
f this its nobler birth, not one would dare
o say that chance could make it half so fair.
ere Epicurus who i's Picture drew,
lines like his opinion seldome true,
this composed piece, might at one sight
ave seen to set both verse and judgment right;
ons Sir, takeing the blot from Poetrie,
this you make both it and truth agree.

D. R.
Col. Mert

In

In amici sui opus exquisitum
Κοσμοβρεφίαν.

Ποιητῶν στομίοις ἔστω ἐκεμυθία λάλοις
Τᾶις δ' ἀκανθολόγων, ἠνὶ πονοῦσι μά την
Στομφαζοῦσι, μόγις πολλοῖς τὰ δράματα μωροὶ
Συμφόρα, τῶν φρονίμων ἄξια οὔτι λόγου.
Μοῦσα πρέπων ὅδε τὰ βραδεεῖς καὶ κρηστὰ λιγαίνει,
Οὐρανὸν ὡς γαῖαν καρπφόρην τε μέγαν.
Ἐστὶ ἀγαθὸν τοῦτον, μαλαρὸν καὶ δέξιον ἔργον;
Εὑρήσει δόξαν, καὶ κατὰ δᾶξα Θεοῦ.

Jo: Cox. *E Coll. M*
Oxon nuper Etonen

Deo Ter Opt. Max.

OH from thy Radient Throne above
Look down on me, Great God of love:
With ſacred Light my Soul infuſe,
And wing, for flight, mine unfledg'd Muſe,
That ſhe may like the morning Lark
Mount up and ſing: Lord I'me a ſpark;
But if thy Bellows pleaſe to blow
Me up, Oh then I needs muſt glow.
My God to me a Being gave,
To uſe thoſe little gifts I have;
Oh may I then to after days
Make known my All-Creators praiſe;
As by inſtinct the Loadſtone draws
The iron, as the Amber ſtraws;
So let thy grace mine heart attract,
Dear Lord! O make me have reſpect
To all thy righteous Laws, begin
To purge out all my droſs: my Tinn
Remove far from me; Oh inflame
My frozen Spirit, to praiſe thy Name.

P. B. 36.

Let

Let Heaven fill me to the brim
Above the World, Oh may I ſwim.
And (as it were) my ſoul divorce
From Tranſient joys: Oh ſteer my courſe
According to thy compaſs: Guid
My reeling Pinace, make the Tide
Tranquil, and let the milder gale
Of thy ſweet Spirit, ſtuff my Sail,
Until I ſafely am arriven
At the deſired Haven, Heaven;
Where I ſhall ſee the God of nature,
And always praiſe the Worlds Creator.

TH

The Worlds Infancy.

The Argument.

God begins the Worlds Creation,
Light from out of darkneſs brings.
Giving wondrous Operation,
To Wells, Rivers, Fountains, Springs.

Sect. I.

GOd, when beſides himſelf there nothing was,
But a rude Chaos, a confuſed Maſs,
Of things diſordered; all together hurl'd,
Did by his providence ordaine the world.
THAnd firſt his, power, and cœleſtial might,
Cleare light extracted, from the ſhades of night;
Then did he ſpread a glorious Curtain out,
Spangled with Starrs, and glory round about,
Emboſt with pearl, embroydered with gold,
With Chryſolits, and Carbuncles enrould.

O work to be admir'd ; what pen ? what ſtory ?
Can point, can blazon the Almighties glory.
I wanting Eagles eyes, am over-daz'd,
With too great light, and winking ſtand amaz'd,
Thus, thus, heav'ns Architect by's word of power,
Edificated the ætherial Tower,
The Maſs he diſſipating, drew from thence,
The Center of the vaſt Circumference,
The ſolid ſubſtance altogether clung,
And by g'ometrical proportion hung,
In figure of a Sphær ; this naked globe
He circumveſted in a ſea-greene robe,
The Elements, Earth, Water, Ayer, and Fire,
Took each their ſtation, Vulcan did aſpire
To the ſublimeſt Orb, Jove next in power
Predominates : next him, the watry Bower,
Of curl'd hair Neptune ſtands and laſt of all
Doth droſſie *Veſta* to the bottome fall :
Veſta's inthron'd, *Veſta* that doth adorne,
Her breaſts with flowers, and her lap with corne,
Veſta ſinks down beneath her brothers ſway
Being of more ſolidity then they.
The dry, and humid, heavy, and the light,
Soft hard, b'ing oppoſites doe diſunite.
Wet things with wet, cold things cõmix with cold,
Hot things with hot, do correſpondence hold.

From

From the Seas raging Tyranny, the Land
Is kept (Oh pow'r) with slipp'ry walls of sand.
Had the Sea leave to rage beyond its bound
Earth's Fabrick would (undoubtedly) be drown'd;
But the Almighties force of arms asswage
Th'impetuous threats of her imperious rage:
The Sea (now mild) engirds the earth about,
And like a Snake goes wriggling in and out:
The Marine Empress lib'rally bestows
Her store, and into divers Channels flows.
A River in the late world brought to light
Runs all the day, and resteth all the night.
Conspicuous silver-waved Euphrates,
Payes tribute to the domineering seas,
The streams of Tanais, transparent Po
And clear Erid'nus, from the Ocean go.
The river Erax, and the swift Meander,
Whose winding Mazes in and out doe wander,
(Much like the Lab'rinth of faire *Rosamond*
Or that Dædalian frame which did abscond
The monstrous Minotaur, in former dayes
So intricate for their retorted wayes)
Niphates bringing Tigers up and *Phasis*
Fall on and Court with amorous embraces
The fair Queen *Glauce*; nimble-footed Rhene
Whose earth-dividing course both run between

The Belgians, and the Germans, hath its motion
From Phorbas, Phorbas Kingling of the Ocean.
The Amazonian Thermodontin brooks,
And Oax alſo to the Ocean looks.
The river Jordan is a ſtream compounded
Of Jor and Dan, by curs'd *Aſphaltis* bounded.
Gold-ſanded Tagus, and the bow-ſtring Tybur,
Yellow Pactolus, and Cantabrian Iber,
Take from the Seas their riſe, the flowing Ganges,
With wandring current through the orient ranges
Septemfluous Nilus, and Armenian Tigris,
Libanian Jordan, Aquitanian Ligris,
Arcadian Ladon, and the Thuſcian Arne,
The Thracian Stroymon, the Campanian Sarne,
Rhone, Inceſt, Liſter, and the Marſyan tydes,
Flow from, and to, the ſwelling Oceans ſides:
Caucaſian Indus, which receiveth plenty
Of pleaſant rivers wanting one of twenty.
And what doth Simois? and what Matrona,
But waite and tend upon the Queen *Diona*?
All rivers in the world, or ſmal or mighty
Derive their lineage, from great Amphitrite,
Hence comes our Britiſh Severn, Wye, Lugg, Um-
And thouſands too innumerous for number. [ber
But ſtay my Muſe thou hadſt almoſt forgot
The Kentiſh Medway one of greateſt note

Next

Next to that famous navigable Thames [ſtreams
Whoſe breaſts are ſilv'red with compounded
Which bear up floating houſes, what a train
Of luſty watermen doth Thames maintaine?
Who though with rapid force they'r backwards
Yet are they often forwards in the world. [hurl'd
Great London is the Bow, the Thames the ſtring
The Boats are arrows which about do ſpring
The Streams Sabbatical do reſt and ſtay.
In obſervation of the Sabbath day.

Add here the German Savenire Pouhont,
And med'cinable Spa in great account
For its effecting ſtrange unheard of things,
Unparalel'd by none unleſs the ſprings
Of Tunbridg famous in our Kentiſh county,
For caſting up their ſubterraneous bounty,
Which reliſhing of Iron, and ſulph'ry veines
Cures well nigh all infirmities and paines,
Nay lengthens life cauſing the fates t'unſpin
Lifes drawn out thred, hath any got the ſpleen?
The dropſie? the vertigo? or the ſtone?
Theſe waters will yield remedy alone.
Suppoſe th'art Lunatick, or Planet ſtruck,
Hear's that will help thee, if thou haſt the luck
To come and take it, is it thine endeavour
To be rid of the Collick or the feavour,

Or the Obſtructions of the Meſentery,
Reines, Melt, and liver? wouldeſt thou fain be
And freed from Melancholy? if you pleaſe[mem
To uſe theſe waters, doubtleſs, you'l have eaſe;
Gouts, Iſchyatica's, the French-mans pox,
And what flows from Pandora's opened box
Theſe Springs reſiſt, and for your comfort here
Green-ſickneſs, Maids, a remedy is neere.
— And you, diſheartned Sarahs, do but come
And drink, and you'l have an enlarged wombe.
In brief, to cure all maladies, there dwells
A Soveraign vertue in theſe Tunbridge Wells.
Nor muſt I leave thoſe Briſtoll Baths which ar
For their effects ſo wonderful, ſo rare.
All Aches Cramps, Convulſions, (and what not?
Dy in thoſe waters naturaly hot.
— Well, I could wiſh thoſe Authors of diſorders
Too much encreaſed in thoſe Briſtoll borders
I mean that frantick ſelf-afflicting crew
Of trembling Quakers, with their Captain too
Tongue-bored Nailor, branded in the forehead
With B for blaſphemy, were in thoſe torrid
And ſcalding Currents forc'd to ſtand awhile
My Genius tells me they'd at laſt recoyle
Their fond conceits, and ſoon be a forſaking
Their cenſuring others, and give over Quaking.

The

The ub'rous fountains and each conduit brings
ts ſtore of water from their bubbling ſprings,
f *Neptune*'s ſtock *Acidalus* came down,
ielding her ſtore, to the Bæotian Town.
o Aganippe is a ſacred fountaine,
l'd by the Ladies of the by-fork'd mountaine,
nd Arethuſa, whoſe mellifluous wombe
s ſweet, nay ſweeter then the hony-combe.
What ſhould I ſpeak of th' Hippocrenian Well?
And what ſhall I of the Clitorian tell?
The firſt wherof the Muſes haunt a brook
The hooſe of winged Pegaſus hath ſtrook
The other Fount, (it ſeems to me divine,)
Can make men ſober when ore took with wine,
The Well Telpiſſa, is ſo cold ſo chill
That it *Tyreſia*, (as they ſay) did kill,
Th' Ammonian Fount, is cold and hot by turns
Cold in the day, and in the night it burns.
'Tis ſaid the ſportfull Eleuſinian ſpring,
Will dance when ſhepherds are diſpoſed to ſing,
Clarean a Well (for it there needs no ſtrife,)
Doth lengthen eloquence, but ſhortens life,
Sweet Helicon's a conſecrated Well,
To th'Muſes, in it do the Muſes dwell.
Phineus, a Well, is wholſome in the day
To drink, but hurtful in the night (men ſay)

The

The fount Cabura yields a fragrant ſmell,
The well Halcyon, danceth very well,
Cilician Cydnus, cures the gout. the ſpring
Leucoges eye ſight to the blinde doth bring,
Cyzices quencheth hot Idalian fire,
A draught of Lycus cauſeth life t'expire.
All things doe in the gulf of Sylla ſink.
The Stream Anyger, caſts a loathſom ſtink:
Azanium is a Well which doth incline,
Bacchus his Genial Friends to loath all wine.
Athamas water ſetteth wood on fire
Making the kindled flames for to aſpire.
There are a number more which he that looks
Shall find ſet down in Learned Authors Books,
My Muſe hath touch'd the chiefeſt ſhe hath read,
And tir'd with ſearch, diſcretion calls to bed.

The

The Argument.

God doth in a lib'ral measure,
Furnish these inferiour Bowers
With a large unsumm'd up treasure,
Of Trees, and Fruits, Plants and Flowers.

Sect. 2.

AS soon as Gods all pow'rful hand had laid
The worlds foundation, to the earth he said,
Lay by thy mournful weeds, unite thy powers,
nd make a garland of the choyseſt flowers,
mboſt with Gems, and Diamonds; then crowne
by front, and put on an Embroider'd gown,
ay and the more thy glory for to grace,
ith livelieſt colours beautifie thy face.
t one thy Periwig, all fruits, plums, pears,
all hang like Iewels, dangling in thine ears.
ith that aroſe this new proclaimed Queen,
er Ebon mantle turn'd a galant green,
fring'd with flowers; the Gorget that ſhe wore
as lac'd with *Flora's* pride, beſtarched ore
ith Deaws, and rory miſts, her hand did hold
royal Scepter made of burniſh'd gold.

Rich

Rich Gems, rare Iewels, pretious ſtones are ſet
Up charily in her wombs Cabinet.
This ſtately Empreſs don's her dangling Treſſes,
And makes no more ado but tricks and dreſſes
Her wanton boſome with delightful flowers,
'Gainſt *Ioves* deſcending in his ſilver ſhowers.
The heav'ns as braclets, her pure hands bedeck
The ſtars are Beads which goe about her neck,
Her lilly neck ſo that fair *Venus* ſeeks
Her heav'n-ſtol'n beauty in her earthly cheeks,
Wild Aſh trees from earths ſwelling matrice
The river Sallowes, fens forth Alders bring (ſprin
The Mirtle loves the ſhore, Vines doe enfold
Their arms on hils, the Yew-tree haunts the cold
The fruitfull Almond from earths wombe doth
The ſweet-ſcent Aromatick Balſamum; [com
The box-tree ever green, the tow'ring Cedar,
The ſtately Pine, which doth in height ſucceed he
The lovely Chery-trees ſanguineous ſap,
Is nouriſhed in Demegorgon's lap,
The warr-us'd Cornell, and the Maſt-ful Beach,
The fun'ral Cypreſs, and the velvet Peach,
The Ambroſiack Cinamon, the Figg,
The Pompkin and the aged Oke (ſo big)
The Iuniper which yields a fragrant ſmell,
And Sea-green Willows on the earth do dwell.

The

The Daphnean Lawrel tree, which doth not dread
The thund'rets voyce, whose hair-abounding head
Is never bald; but doth for ever flouriſh,
Springs from the earth, it is the earth doth noriſh
The never fading Palms; the beautious Firre
Streight as an arrow; and the red'lent Myrrhe,
The broad branch'd Plane-tree, with his ſpacious
The wanton Jvy which adhers and cleavs [leaves
To other Arbors, groweth ev'ry where,
The downy Poplar, The Piram'dal Peare,
The Melt-tree, Weapons Needles Thred, affords
Clothes- Honey, Sugar, Balm, Wine, Parchment,
The Vine ſuporting Elm, the pearly Plum, (Cords
The balefull Pitch-tree, ſweating forth its gum.
The fulſome Bullace, and the prickly Holly,
The furr'd coat Cheſtnut, and the ſhrub Trifolly,
The golden Orange, and the pluſh-coate Quince,
Which ord'red well yields Marm'let for a Prince,
The ſhadie Linden, Goosberries and Wardens,
The Mulb'ry, Raſpb'ry, Strawb'ry, grow in gardens
All theſe and many more come from the earth
Earth gives them nutriment as well as birth,
The earth, mother of all things; ſuckles all
Her vegetative ofsprings, great and ſmall. (bowers
At Gods command Dame *Tellus* deck'd her
With verdent hearbs, and Odorif'rous Flowers,

Of

Of ſundry vertues, and of ſundry hew,
Some green, ſome red, ſome yellow, white, ſo
Here doth the *Cardu's-Benedictus* grow,
Both to the plague and ſtone a deadly foe:
Here jaundis-cureing, Horehound, which is go
Againſt the Aſthma; heer is Southern-wood
Good againſt Feavours; here the Worm-wo
All Surfeits, drunk'neſs, Cholerick Diſeaſes.
Cough-chaſing, Rocket, Rue-expelling vapors,
Which dim the ſight; the pallat-pleaſing Cape
Helping the Spleen; ſweet-ſcenting Marjoram
Is here; and there the Bawm of Abraham;
Here grows the Beet; yonder the Daffadill;
And there the fragrant ſpreading Cammomill;
Here is Mint, Centory, and Columbine,
And there the Cowſlip and the Eglantine;
See here is Ey-bright, Annis, Cummin, Carry,
Dittander there, behold the hearb Coſt-mary,
Here is Germander, Melilot alſo,
And Harts-tongue, Harts-horn, Harts-eaſe, th
Roots white and red, and chockly, Artycocks,
Here maidens hair is, *alias*, Venus locks,
Here thriveth Hyſſop, Lavender, and Sorrel,
Yonder the Night-ſhade, called Pety-morel,
Here Palma-Chriſti doth it ſelf expand,
There Peneroyal, royaly doth ſtand.

Here groweth Parſly, yonder ſprouteth Tanſy;
And here the Lovage, yon' the Lovers Panſy.
Her's drowſie Popy, there are Daſies blowing,
And ſweet Angelica is yonder growing:
Here Cic'ry ſprings, there Fumitory thrives,
Staves-aker lives here, that the Lowſe unlives.
Here's ſovr'aine Rhubarb, yonder is ſweet Baſil,
There Fullers hearb, known by the name of Thaſil,
Yonder ſpread Mandrakes, the neglected Nettle,
There doth its foot in Tellus boſom ſettle.
Here's Sav'ry, Savery, and Helebore,
(Of which they ſay *Anticyras* hath ſtore)
Parſnips, and Turneps, and Potatoes too,
Coleworts, and Cabbage, and the Radiſh doe
Riſe from the ground; Elicampane, the Rape,
And all plants els have from the earth their ſhape
All ſorts of grain Wheat, Barley, Oates, and Poder
Whoſe ſap-leſs ſtalks the ſtall-fed Ox do fodder.
Burrage, and Bugloſs, Fennel, Water-creſſes,
Dame *Tellus* with all theſe her boſom dreſſes,
Now walk we (Reader) into Flora's Bowers,
For recreation; here are curious flowers,
To make fine Poſies with; here here behold
The purple Violet, and Marigold.
Seeſt how theſe variegated beds do ſhow
As many coulors as the Rainy Bow?

Here's

Here's choyce of Pinks,& banks of Damask R
Their ſight doth pleaſ our eys,their ſmel,our n
The cleer fac'd Lilly ſmiles, ſo here great ſtor
Of Gil'flowers, Tulips,and—but what need m
In vaine alas! in vaine I goe about
To reckon all the branches which doe ſprout
From out Mechymna; the Hyblean Bees,
And yellow ſands, neere the Pactolian Seas,
Are not ſo numerous, the ſtarrs give place
(If numbred) to the Demegorgon's race,
'Tis night,and *Titan* his refulgent beams
Doth hide their glory in the Weſtern ſtreams
The third day left a univerſal ſhade,
And heaven was pleaſed with the works he ma

The Argument.

God doth the Canopy of heaven,
With ſparkling glittering Gems inlay.
The twelve ſignes, and planets ſeaven.
Strange effects, the Milky way.

SECT. 3.

THe morrow after, when the light be purl'd
The yearly mantle of the new-made world;
Heav'ns hand, ſtill nilling to be idle, gilded
The earths fair ſeeling, he before had builded.
Starrs are heav'ns Scutchions, thick as Argus eyes
They hang, and twinckle in the marble skies
Of great or leſſer magnitudes, each one
Shine like the Iacynth and the Iaſper ſtone.
But farr more glorious, yea they go beyond
The fy'ry Carbuncle, the Diamond,
And golden Criſolit, their beauty ſhines
So bright, nay brighter, then the wealthy Mines
Of hot Arabia, or Pactolean Seas,
The tailes of Peacocks, are but toys to theſe,

The purple Amethiſt, the Heſphe ſite,
And coſtly Opall's nothing neere ſo bright;
Earths rareſt Iewells, mayn't with them compare;
The coſtlieſt Gems are not ſo rich as they're:
Theſe pearls which garniſh the ætherial ſtory,
Are lively emblems of their makers glory.
Theſe glittring Sphæres, about the axle roul
Which joyns to th' Arctick and Antarctick Pole:
This part cold Boreas, and the North ſtarr ſees:
Hot Auſter, vieweth the Antipodes.
The Urſa Major, and the Minor too,
Their backs turn'd to it, round the North Pole go:
The Dragon, which did keepe through watchful
The golden Apples of th' Heſperides [nes
Much like the windings of a river flowes,
His widened mouth like a Charybdis ſhowes.
Herc'les beneath him kneels, next whom the
Of Ariadne, on the earth ſhines down. [Crow
Here Snake-engirted Serpentarius ſtands,
Squeezing the bending Snake in's griping hands,
Under him Scorpio exporrected lies:
There Libra's beame, turnes in the Azure skies.
Arctophylax, here drives his waine; in's groyne
The radiant luſtre of a lamp doth ſhine;
He treads on Virgo who a ſheafe doth beare,
Next whom appeareth Berenices haire,

The

The great Bears hind feet, on the Lion tread,
Cancer and Gemini with his doub e head
Are next, and neere to Leda's egg-hatch'd twins
Auriga holds ſtrong wine; cloſe by him ſhines
The rainy ſtarr of the Olenian Goate;
Jove's nurſes next Aïx and Ælice note.
Here proſtrate on the floor, behold a Bull,
Whoſe ſublime horns with Starrs are beautifull:
The brood-hen or the rainy Hyades
See there, (ſome call them the Atlantides)
The taile of Cynoſure the little Beare
Points at the widened Arms of Cepheus there,
Whoſe ſad wife Caſſiopea next complains
For her Andromeda, bound faſt in chaines.
Next winged Pegaſus on high doth mount
Whoſe hoof ſtruck whilom th' Heliconian Fount;
And juſt before the Dwarf in fetters bound
Deltoton or Triangulus is found.
Two fiſhes, linked by their tailes ly forth,
One Southward, and the other tow'rds the North,
A ſword in Perſeus right hand out is ſpread,
In's left the ſnaky haird Meduſa'es head.
He ſits among the Pleiad's, his wing'd ſhoes.
Moſt ſweetly there the Lyre of Merc'ry goes.
The Armiger of *Jove*, ſpreads here her wings,
And there the Swan that her owne El'gy ſings.

See where ſwift Pegaſus his mouth is plac'd,
There Joves Cup-bearer Ganimede is grac'd;
Beneath whom doth ariſe the Capricorn,
There Sagitarius doth the Heav'ns adorn,
His winged dart flies from his boyſterous ſtring
Betwixt the Eagles. and the Vulters wing.
The Dolphin laſt of all ſwims in the North,
Which ſav'd Arion, in the Sea caſt forth.
(Sweet Jeſu! beare me to the Port of Sion,
Be thou my Dolphin I'le be thy Arion.
Orion mounteth nigh the Southerne Pole,
With golden belt begyrt; his left-foot ſole:
He gently dippeth in the ſilver ſtreams
Of ſwift Erid'nus; next the Dog-ſtarr gleams,
Whoſe yelping frights the Hare; there ſwims the Whale.
Pegaſian Argo next is under ſaile,
Which bore the Argonauts, and Peers of Greece,
Together with the Colchian golden fleece.
The Southern Garland, called Ixion's wheele,
Lies under horned Sagittarius heele.
Yonder is the Thuribulum divine;
There doth the Kid; and here the Centaur ſhine.
In folds, the truc'lent Hydra lies, enrould,
On whome ſtands Corvus, and a cup of gold
The Crater of the Powers: in the skies
By th'egg-hatch'd breth'ren, litle Procyon lies.

See there the embroyred Bauldrick, and the ſtarrs
Thereon engrav'd, Supine Aſtronomers.
The Ram, Bull, Twins, Crab, Lion, Virgo, Scale,
Scorp. Archer, Capri. Aquar. Piſces, call.
The Ram, the Bull, the Twins, ſhew in the Spring
Crab, Leo, Virgo, doe the Sumer bring.
Scale, *Scorpion*, Archer, gather corne together,
Goate Gan'med, Piſces, riſe in winters weather.
Six Springs, and Harveſts Æquinoctials ſhare,
Summer and winter's Solſtice ſix declare.
Seav'n wandring Planets, you may here ſee ſoon,
Saturne, *Iove*, *Mars*, *Sol*, *Venus*, *Mercʼry*, *Moon*.
From theſe alone, from theſe ætherial flames
The Seav'n days of the weeke derive their nam's,
God placed in the Firmament of heaven
Theſe pilgrim-planets, all in number Seaven
They and the golden Bauldricks thrice four pow-
Have influence in theſe bodies of ours: [ers,
They rule the Head, Neck, Arms, & Breſt compleat.
Back, Bely, Reins, Secrets, Thighs, Knees, Legs, Feet,
Ther's many thouſand nameleſs glittring globe,
Here inter-woven in this ſpangled Robe.
And in Earth's Teſter, all with ſtarrs ſet round
The *Lactea via* of Jehova's found:
This way doth lead to the Tribunal Throne
Of thund'ring *Iove*, this is the way alone

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Of thund'ring *Iove*, this is the way alone

Conducts to bliſs, if thou wilt enter in
Thy milk-white conſcience muſt be free from ſin:
The way doth ly direct, thou canſt not miſs:
¶ A pure white conſcience is the way to bliſs,

THE

The Argument.

The Creation of the Sun
And the Moon in full Carier,
They alternately doe run
Unto either Hemiſphere.

Sect. 4.

When heavens great builder had about enrould
This Marble Gallery, with ſtuds of gold:
He made the greater, and the leſſer light
Alternately to rule the Day and Night;
Illuſtrious Phœbus his refulgent face,
The upper and the lower world doth grace,
With equal ſplendor; his irradient beams
Refreſheth all things; his ignivomous teams
Run reſtleſs races; his all-quickning power
Gives life and breath to every plant and flower;
Unto our ſight it ev'dently appears,
His revolution makes up days and years:
He circulates in twice twelve howers time
The Univerſe, ſpends half in this our clime,

And when his Chariots rapid wheels are whirl'd
Into the Climates of th'inferiour world;
He on the lower Hemiſphere diſplayes
His Roſy light and bright refu'gent rayes,
Then pale-fac'd Phæbe riſeth to fulfill
Her nightly courſe, aſcending up the hill
Of the renoun'd Olympus, joys to ſpred
The glittring glory of her new-made head,
Silv'ring the world in her nocturnal race,
She reigns as Empreſs in her brothers place
And emulates his rayes, (although more dim)
What light ſhe hath is all deriv'd from him;
She ev'ry month doth wax and wane and ſhew
Now Semicircled like a half bent bow:
But when Sol doth againſt her full face ſhine,
Earth interpoz'd in the Eccliptick line;
Her round cheeks are Eccliſ'd, her masked face
Admits the glory of its borrowed grace,
She wears a Cypreſs hood and overſhrouds
Her ſhamfac'd count'nance, in the gloomy clouds
This Nights fair Lady, by her influence brings
Admir'd effects to ſublunary things.
O ſacred prudence, ev'ry day nay houer
Sets forth the greatneſs of th' Almighties power,
His pow'r fils all things, if I tow'r the skies
I do behold it in thoſe twinkling eyes.

Do

Doe not I see it in the burnish'd Sun,
And Moon, which round about their Circle run?
And if from heav'n I to the earth descend,
Are not his wonders there without an end
Nay saile I out into the boundless Seas
Gods goodness meets me; goe I where I please
His mercies find me; if I take the wings
Of fair *Aurora*, if I search the springs
Of his abundant grace; and if I roul
Even from the Arctick to th' Antarctick Pole.
His favours doe prevent me; Sea and Land
Enrich'd are by the All-creators hand.
Dive I to the sulphureous pitt of hell,
There, there th' eternall doth in Iustice dwell
Look here, look there, nay turne I where I will
I see Gods greatness and his goodness still.
No Gods with him may equalized be;
Where is there such another God as he?
I stand amaz'd, on his stupendious name,
O with what words may I express the same!
And now the Major-General of day,
(Whose eye doth all things in the world survay)
Hastens his Chariot to th' Hesperian streams,
Un-yokes his horses hides his blewing beams
In Thetis bosom; by the western Seas
He setting, riseth to th' Antipodes.

The

The ſable Curtains of thick darkneſs ſpread
To give us notice Sol is gone to bed:
Night harniſſeth her Stallions, and doth cro
Her head with popy; in a mourning gown
She widdow-like appears; a leaden mace
Her ſleepy hand engraſps, her ſteps deface
The Chryſtal-brow of day, and out ſhe ſpreads
The ſpangled Orb of heaven, about the beds
Of ev'ry thing that draweth breath ſhe cloſes
All eyes and leavs them to their ſweet repoſes:
All things doe ſleep, the Lady of the night
Entring her brothers place, borrows his light;
Pale Luna riſing from the Orient ſtreams
Of Thetis brandiſheth her trembling beams:
Th' Olimphick Tow'r ſh' ambitiouſly aſpires
Concomitated with her ſiſter fires.
The perfect colours of all earthly things
Are hid with dim-ey'd darkneſs ſable wings:
The fourth day left a univerſal ſhade,
And heaven was pleaſed with the works he ma

The Argument.

God repleniſheth the Waters
With innumberd living creatures,
Giving to them divers natures,
Properties, and ſeveral features.

Sect. 5.

When roſy-fac'd Aurora did unfold
Her dappled Curtains, fring'd with burn-
nd rudie *Titan* from his ſaffron bed [iſh'd gold,
owzed the glory of his early head:
od ſpake the word, and fiſhes ſmall and mighty
rniſh'd the Courts of Sea-green Amphitrite;
he family of *Neptune* ſoon amounted
a great number more then can be counted.
me of theſe wat'ry Citizens doe love,
t habitations; others freſh approve.
ture hath given to theſe new formed creatures,
verſities of natures, names, and features.
e Sturgeon loves to ſwim againſt the ſtream;
eſe live in ponds, the Perch, the Roch, & Bream,
The

The retrograding, Crab the Canther chaſt,
The Cephalus find in the Sea repaſt,
He hides his head then thinks himſelf ſecure,
The crafty Barble firſt unhooks the Lure.
"Great *Neptune*'s Sea Clark cal'd the Calama
"About him doth his Pen and Penknife carry.
The lowzy Arica feeds upon fleſh,
The Lamp'ry, Salmon live in waters freſh.
The tongueleſs Carp, doth in the fiſh pond dw
The eyeleſs Cockle walketh from his ſhel.
The Muſick charmed Dolphin, feried ore
Sea coaſt Arion to the wiſh'd for ſhore.
The fiſh Plaguſia ſwimeth one her ſides,
The Remora reſiſteth winds and tides.
Large Oars ſtuf'd ſails, and cleaving to a ſhip
Strongly and ſtraingly ſtops it, if you rip
Thorn'd-foot Echinus, and him water give,
He'l reunite his parts diſ-joyn'd and live.
The wide-mouth'd Labrax ever loves to yawn:
She Pearl-fiſh, alwayes leagueth with the Praw
Are you a hungry go and catch a Conger
What fiſh is larger then the Whale or longer?
His monſtrous bulk doth like an Iſland ſeem,
Around encloſed in a watery ſtream.
The gilden Spirlings in cold winters weather,
Ly round (to keep them warm) in bals togeth

wing'd Voligo 'bove the water flies;
head between his feet and belly lyes, [ſand,
e Wolf-fiſhe aught, ploughs with his taile the
d hiding there, eſcapes the fiſhers hand.
m Margarus our Margerites doe come:
e Meryx [Cow like] chews the cud ſay ſome.
hen the Milvago 'bove the waves doth fly,
mpeſts and ſtormes give o're immediatly.
e Muſculus (making his fins his Oars)
hers the Whale from rockie ſhelves & ſhores.
rs to the belly of the Oyſters joyne;
e Oxyringus eyes moſt brightly ſhine.
e Muſcle and the ſpeckled Leopard:
e Peacock ſwimmeth like the heaven beſtarr'd
diculus the Dolphins paraſite,
th in the food, the Dolphin gets, delight.
e bleating Sea calfe, hath an hairy hide.
e fraud'lent Manifeet loves paciride.
adultrous Sargus, the Sea grunting-hog,
e Turbet the Cærulian ſpeckled frog.
e Scarus much delights to ruminate
e Scolopender ſwal'wing hook and baite
mits his bowels? having loſ'd the hook
lips them in againe and is not took.
e Stockfiſh is a fiſh that wil not boyl
leſs you beat it with a ſtick a while

The

The bane-tooth'd Cuttle nigh deſtructions bri
Abſconds her body with effuſed ink,
Which while it dazleth the poore fiſhers eyes
From the ſurprizer then eſcapes the prize.
The water's ſcale-backt golden-coated Ape,
Is like the earths in colour and in ſhape.
The Star-fiſh, by a natural inſtinct
Burneth what e're it toucheth; would you think
Tis ſaid the Cramp fiſh will benum the hands
Of him that fiſheth, and a diſtance ſtands.
The Lampreys life within her taile doth ly:
From Purple-fiſhes comes our purple dy.
Nature doth the Amphibious Sea-calfe give,
By water and by land full leave to live,
She breeds upon the land and by degrees
Her young ſh' accuſtoms to the briny Seas.
A thouſand colours (if't be true) 'tis ſtrange
(As in Hyena's) in her eyes doe range.
The Sea grape ſqueezed in the Vintage preſs,
Of Wine will take away the irkſomeneſs.
The skin of Pompilous makes many a thong
Of a great value ever-during ſtrong,
Th' Adult'rous Sargus changing mates behorns
The pates of Hee-Goats which before had horn
Th' Vranoſcop, alwayes his eyes round balls
Bands (as it were) againſt th' ætherial walls.

Lexu

exus a fiſh is enemy to man,
nd man to him, both are each others bane.
nd thou Thymalus, left almoſt behind,
hat fiſh more precious then thy noble kind?
an any thing in ſweetneſs thee excell?
ields any odour a more fragrant ſmell?
bove all fiſhes thou deſerv'ſt the Palme,
that thou breatheſt like Arabian balme. [rel:
he wry-mouth'dPlais, the Whiting, & the Mack-
he ſlippry Eel, the Lobſter, and the Cackrel
aking the eater laxative; the Trout,
he Herring King of fiſh, the Flownder, Pout,
he Wraith, the Gudgeon, and the boneleſs Seal,
nd more there are, whoſe names I muſt conceal;
world of Paper, and a Sea of Ink,
ould ſcarce ſuffice to hold them all I think.
ut ah! what do we? we muſt haſt to th'ſhore
he winds do riſe, the waves begin to roar:
et's tack about, and ſtrive the land to gain,
nough of roaming on the foaming main.
ark! Cliô hark! behold the warbling Quire,
all thee to play upon thine Ivory Lyre.

THE

The Argument.

Heer there is a winged nation
Wandring in the feilds and groves,
All of one kind keep, their faſhion,
God his fifth days work approves.

SECT. 5.

Now on the feather'd fowls beſtow thine eye
(Kind reader) and obſerve their properties
Mark how they ſly and cut the flitting ayer,
Theſe clap their wings, and thoſe do quite contra
Some run upon the ground, and ſome alway
Do leap from bough to bough from ſpray to
Theſe are delighted in the ſhadie grove; [ſpra
Whilſt others in the open champion rove.
Some chuſe to fly on high, and ſome as low,
And ſome do fly as ſwift as others go.
Theſe hop about, while others love to ſing
The praiſes of their everlaſting King:
Some deſarts haunt, ſome take a pride to ſhew
Their 'pinions colour'd like the rainy bow.

T

The ſilvan Choriſters in various notes.
Send out ſweet Carrols from their mus'call throats
The warbling Philomel her Sonnets ſings,
So ſhril that at the ſound each forreſt rings.
The milk-white Swan the river ſwims along,
Dying, ſings ſweeteſt, her Elegious ſong.
The pretty Linnet, and the whiſtling Thruſh,
And Mavis chaunt in ev'ry thorny buſh
Eare charming Ditties, and in ample ſtory
Devulge the greatneſs of their makers glory.
Nature to ſpeak the Ciſſa doth inveigle
'Tis ſtrange to think how the Majeſtick Eagle
The Armiger of *Iove*, with percing eye
Dares to coufront the Sun's coruſcancy.
Amongſt theſe aiery Cittizens we find
The Cepphos toſt with ev'ry guſt of wind
The gaggling-Gooſe, the Goſling, & the Gander;
The brood-hen clucking, to and fro do wander:
Th' indulgent Stork moſt gratefuly doth feed
His aged parents, in their time of need:
He broods and carries them; the billing Dove
Always lives ſingle, having loſt her love:
Th' Hedg-Sparrow noriſheth the Cucko's eggs.
The bird Apodes uſeth not his leggs.
Haſt thou the Iaundice? Icterus but eye
And thou'lt recover but the bird will dye.

The ſtately Cock, with his elated Creſt
Comes ſtalking on, new rowzed from his reſt,
His taile advanc'd, with a clear voyce he crows.
He daunts the Lion and the light foreſhowes,
Fair weather followes when the Cranes ſoar high
Fowl weather followes when apace they fly.
The greedy Corm'rant ſeeing ſtorms before,
With clam'rous noiſe doth haſten to the ſhore.
The Cat-fac'd melancholy Owl doth hollow
The ſwift wing'd lofty winding garr'lous ſwallow
Sings as ſhe flyes; this Herauld of the ſpring,
From frozen winter flyes with ſpeedy wing.
The great-Bee backward flyes, the Black-Bird
To lead a ſolitary life in groves. [low
The Chough's fair body is about enroul'd
With plumes of ſilver, mixt with plums of gold.
The gnat-devouring Bat ſuckles her brood,
And ſhreds (for ſhe hath teeth) her gotten food
The prattling Parrot with his opned beak
In human language takes a pride to ſpeak.
The Pel'can tares her breaſt her young ones ſlay
And with her blood reviveth them againe.
The chat'ring Py foretelling gueſts are neere.
The chirping Sparrowes under houſe eves are.
The ſcent-ſtrong Vulter in his flight moſt flow,
Loves Carrion touching not what mortals ſow;

F

Five hundred miles doth putred Carrion ſmell
(If all be true Hiſtorians do tell)
The inauſpicious Crow, th'unluckie Kite.
The witleſs Woodcock, and the ſimple Snite: [on
The long-neck'd hern, the wadling duck & widge-
The gold-finch, bull-finch, chaffinch & the pidgeon
The Lapwing, Wagtail, Feildfare, and the Stare.
The pleaſant Pheſant and the Partridg rare.
The Keſtrel, Martin Puet and the Plover,
The Rook, the Titmouſe, up and down do hover.
The Robin-red-breaſt flyeth too and fro,
The Red ſhank, Red-ſtart and the Red-tail too.
The rav'nous Raven and the pratling Iay,
Proud of his borrowed plums, his plums ſo gay.
The Iron eating Corp'lent Eſtrich runs
As ſwift as doth a horſe, Spinturus ſhuns
No ſacred place, for ſhe a burning cole
Hath from the Alters very often ſtole.
The envious Peacock hideth out of ſpight
His med'cinable dung from humane ſight:
Treads ſoftly like a theif, but from his throat
Yels out a horible Tartarian note;
In pride he takes in flinging up his head,
And doth abroad his ſtarie ſpangles ſpread.
The Bee with laden thighs doth whom return
With prudent art doth tare the hony-comb

With flowry Tyhme (oh admirable thing!)
So loud a humming voyce, ſo ſtiff a ſting.
Plant-waſting Locuſts which without wings fly,
The Moth, the Hornet, Butterfly, and Fly?
The golden coloured Cantharides
Are ſtiled inſects; I may add to theſe
Th' induſtrious Silk-worme which of Thisbian ri
And leaves; for nobles ſilken-ſleeves doth twine.
Next in my way the Indian Griffin flyes,
With's ſnow-white wings; his fierce and fiery ey
Ev'n dazle mine; four feet he doth not lack
A purple belly and a cole-black back;
His hindmoſt part is faſhion'd like a Lion,
His unked talents tare what he doth fly on.
And laſtly, although laſt of all, not leaſt
Th' Arabian Phenix paſſeth all the reſt:
The rareſt bird that under heaven flyes,
Glory's enthroned in her ſparkling eyes.
A golden collar goeth round her neck:
A Purple colour doth her body deck;
A goodly taile ſhe bears: a plumy crown
Upon her head appears; a ſcarlet down
Adornes her back: ſearch throughout ev'ry clim
You'l find one only living at one time.
Six hundred years ſhe lives then being old
Builds her a neſt, a neſt ſhe doth infold

Wi

With fragrant Caſſia, Cinamon, and Myrrh,
And ſuch like Aromatick ſprigs, t'interr
Her ſelf therin; ſhe makes her ſelfe an Urn
And fi'ry Titan with his rayes doth burne
(His raggs reflecting on her lat'ring wings)
The crazy Phenix; from whoſe aſhes ſprings
A little worme crawling in fun'ral ſpices,
And from that worme another Phenix riſes.
When God created had all winged creatures
Divers for natures, diſcrepant in features,
And gave them power with their nimble wings
To ſoar aloft, above tereſtrial things:
The fifth day left a univerſal ſhade,
And heav'n was pleaſed with the works he made.

The Argument.

God creats beasts great and small,
And appoints their habitation,
On the earth earth feeds them all
All affords us admiration.

SECT. 7.

NOw radient Sol his morning beams displai
Gilding the mountaines with his pregnant
Th' Almighty God, he, who alone, is able [raie
T' accomplish all things; furnisheth the Table
Of earths fair parlour, with a sumptuous feast,
Against the coming of some Lordly guest.
The earth, the dam of all things, forth doth brin
Millions of creatures, ev'ry creeping thing
The earth doth suckle, 'tis the earth doth breed
A world of hungry animals to feed
On her provisions, ev'ry kind of beast
Draws life (as well the greatest as the least)
From her exub'rant breast; seest how the Fawns
Do skip and frisk about the lovely Lawns.

The

The keen-tusk'd salvage Macedonian Bore:
The greedy Wolf(t' whom Lambs are an ey-sore)
The yoke-fit heifer,and the ubr'ous Cow,
The horse,true drudg,to the laborious plough
The slow pac'd burden-bearing long-ear'd Ass
And bastard Mules do crop the tender grass.
The gen'rous Spaniel,and the faithfull Dog,
The belly-grunting mire-delighting hog.
The Leopard famous for his speckled coat,
The tim'rous Coney and the browsing Goat.
The stinking Pole-Cat, and the mouzing Cat,
Which sees as well by night as day the Rat
That corn-devouring creature,and the Mouse.
That haunts the corners of the statliest house,
The Beaver much esteemed for his skin
Must needs among the traine be railed in.
The Armadilio besieged round
With shells like armour,undermines the ground.
Alternately his sex Hyæna changes,
His eyes assume all colours which as strange is;
Such Dogs as on his shadow light grow dumb:
His feet stick fast whoever sees him come;
Calling the shepherds from their thatched bowers,
He slayes them,and their slautered Corps devours.
The shagie Bear doth fashion out her yong,
By licking them all over with her tongne.

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The quick-eyed Linx, his back beſpeckled all
Can with his ſight impeirce the thickeſt wall.
The ſuck-egg Weaſil, and the harkning Hare,
(Which l tters ev'ry month through out the yeare,)
The hounds d ceiveth by her winding flight,
Reſts all day (if not ra s'd) and run's all night,
In p ace'ull warrens, here are fleecy fl cks
Of bleating ſheep, there lurks the ſubtil Fox
Loathſome for ſmell. the little eyeleſs Moles,
And theeviſh Pict's lie hid in ſecret holes.
The bob-taild Squirrel doth a ſtorme foreſee,
Seeming to be as weather-wiſe as we;
The buff whoſe firm impenetrable skin
Made into ſhields no ſhafts can enter in.
The truc'lent Panther, and the direfull Tiger,
Devour their captives with undaunted vigor,
The by-corn'd Giraſs doth the deſarts like,
His neck's as long as is a martial Pike.
The Salamander liveth in the flame,
It's extream coldneſs putteth out the ſame,
Th' egg-hatcht Chamelion by the ayer is fed
And turne t'all colours except white and red.
The rough Baboone, and E.heop an Ape,
Imitate man are moſt like men in ſhape.
'Tis fabled that the Naiades do make
Wi h their loud roarings ev'n th' earth to quake.

The

The thorn-arm'd hedg-hog; for his various amel,
The Ortus famous; and the bunch-backt Camel.
Slow pac'd Ignatus unto these I'le put
It sings six notes fa, sol, la, mi, re, ut.
The scaly Dragon, and the furr'd-coat Ermin,
Locusts, and Catterpillers, such like vermin.
The double-headed Amphisbena, and
Innum'rous insects creep upon the land,
The ven'mous Viper doth her brood devour,
Again the brood, inclosed in the bower
Of their dams wombe; impatient of delay
Break through their sides and so their dams do slay.
The hoarse-resounding Grashoppers in thickets
Do sing abroad; as doth at home the Cricket's
Earth breeds all reptils ev'ry kinde of forme
The Glow, the Palmer, and the Canker-worme,
The Toad, (the earths unprofitable clog.)
The hissing Serpent and the croaking Frog.
The saffron-hating Crocodile will run
On those that fly, but the pursuers shun.
The dreadful Basilisk baneful eye doth slay
Whom e're it looks upon, his breath (they say)
His poysnous breath, will taint, nay more, unlock
The firmest Marble, and obdurest rock.
The horny-nos'd Rhinoceros will whet
His horne e're on the Elephant he set.

The

The Lion next upon the ſtage I'le bring,
Of men the terror, of all beaſts the king.
He cometh ramping, with his eyes bright ſhining
Moſt bravely minded, yet to preys inclining:
The Crowing Cock, the rattling Carr, and fire,
Do terrifie this beaſt, this beaſt ſo dire,
This formidable beaſt is mild to thoſe
Who doe ſubmit, but cruel to his foes:
Gratefull to thoſe his benefactors are;
Humble to thoſe that humbleneſs declare.

The Elephant next claimeth excellence,
This beaſt comes neareſt unto humane ſenſe;
He knows his country ſpeech, he's us'd in warrs,
He worſhipeth the Sun, the Moon, the Starrs:
The greateſt of all beaſts the earth doth hold,
He's proud of trappings wrought with burniſh'd [gold
Adores the King, his moſt ambitious ſpirit
Aſpires to glory, glory to inherit.

But oh! who can ſufficiently declare
Gods works, the which ſo full of wonder are!
And now for to conclude earth doth produce
All beaſts, and ev'ry creeping thing for uſe;
After their ſev'rall kinds on earth they trade
And God was pleaſed with the works he made.

THE

The Argument.

God a living ſoul ſublime
Breath's in man compos'd of ſlime,
Of a rib he framing woman,
Gives her for a help unto man.

SECT. 8.

GOd having made the world, and all therin,
To frame a little world did now begin;
This little world is man, he formed laſt,
Of the four elements the Proto-plaſt.
The great, almighty, everlaſting God
Created *Adam* of a ruddy clod.
God, was the true *Prometheus*, did inſpire
His earthly-noſtrils with cœleſtial fire.
Man like himſelf he made in ſacred feature,
And under his command brought ev'ry creature.
This little world is in the great world plac'd,
And with the title of a King is grac'd.
This Micro-coſm inſtal'd by God alone
Of the great world obtaines the royal throne,

The

The King of Kings gave to his regal hand
The juriſdiction both of Sea and Land.
What things ſoever any eye can ſee
Within the furniſh'd world his ſubjects be:
What birds ſoever in the ayer have motion,
What fiſh ſoever glides along the Ocean,
What beaſts ſoever on the hills do feed,
Wh t e're the melancholy deſarts breed,
What fruits ſoever on the earth remaine,
Are tributary to mans Lordly reigne.
Man is the emblem of a divine nature,
And lively picture of his live creator.
All creatures pore on earth mans ſublime face
Behold's his maker, he is fil'd with grace
And divine beauty, their terreſtrial mind
Mind earthly things. man, only man's, enclin'd
To heav'nly wiſdome, his infuſed ſpirit
Is moſt ambitious glory to inherit.
Mans underſtanding and heroick ſenſe
Above all other hath preheminence.
A nat'ral ſenſe, beaſts have as well as we,
They touch, they taſt, they feele, they heare, they ſ
Man's head is term'd the underſtanding's thron
The intelectual pow'rs meet there in one.
There madam Reaſon is enthron'd, her grace
Reignes like an Empreſs in the higheſt place.

My lady Will, reſideth in the brain;
The Judgment there, there doth Minerva raigne.
Light of the Micro-coſm our eyes are, wee
The glory of the Lord by them doe ſee.
Three humours do belong unto our eyn,
The White, the Viteral, and the Chriſtaline,
Six Coates, as many Muſcles arteries,
Tendons, and Nerves attend upon our eyes,
May not our eyes bee very well deſin'd
The Looking-glaſs of Nature, and the minde.
Our eyes are twinckling Lamps, what is our ſight?
But Criſtall-Caſements for to let in light,
The Optick ſinews, or the Optick ſtrings,
Draw in the ſight of ſublunary things.
The eyes, our anger, and our love, do ſhew,
Strike fire in hatred, and in love they glow,
One while they ſparkle with Idalian fire,
One while they glance; another while admire!
They bolt in boldneſs, and in reverence ſtrike,
They ſmile in laughter, and in greife they winke:
In love they flatter, and in wrath ſeeme froward,
They ſhew the glad, the ſad, the bold, the coward,
They well can put a difference betweene
Such objects as are either foule or clean.
Our ey-lids like Appentices prevent
A world of dangers, which are incident

Unto

Unto our eyes, our eyes bright ſhining balls
Are Bull-wark'd round about with fleſhly walls.
Man's noſe is like a ſink by which the braine
Doth purge it ſelf of phlegm, the noſe doth drain
All ſlimy Excrements, and doth convay
Them (never to returne again) away.
By it we breath and ſmel; 'tis that doth grace
The man, and wonderouſly become the face.
The ay'r doth in the noſe the ſmelling ſtop [drop
Which elſe from out the noſe would forthwith
Our ears the minds informers do go round
With winding mazes, evr'y kind of ſound
They can diſtinguiſh, at the ſhril, the flat,
The acute, the gentle, and the aſpirate.
The ear's the dainty'ſt ſence, it doth deſcry
Baſe jarring Muſick, from pure harmony:
By theſe we move the brain, the brain by theſe
Is rid of chol'rick ſuperfluities.
It is by theſe we (as it were) diſcern
And let in knowledg 'tis by theſe we learn [theſe
All kinds of noiſe we're taught to know th'rough
Mechanick Arts and learned Sciences.
¶ God gave one mouth, two ears, two eyes, that we
Might little ſpeak, though much we hear, and ſee,
The mouth, the ſtomack's portal is, and by it
We unto nature let in nat'ral diet.

Two

Two folding doores of corral do convene
Left in the teeth deform'ty ſhould be ſeen
Our Iv'ry Teeth the feeling ſence have got,
Can tell you what is cold, and what is hot,
They are the bull-warks of the tongue (to tame
Th' unruly member), tis by them we frame
And faſhion out our words; foreteeth, and hind
We uſe; they ſhred our food, and theſe do grind:
Our teeth are buſie Cooks (which without queſti-
Makes our food ready for the firſt digeſtion. [on)
Our tongne and pallat by their taſting power
Diſtinguiſh ev'ry reliſh ſweet from ſoure.
It is our tongue that's vocal, on our tongue
The Lutes and Vials of our ſpeech are hung:
What thing ſoe graceful to a man as hair?
How ſliek! how comly does it ſhow! how faire!
The pillar of our head's, the neck; neere kin
Unto the nether lip's, the dimpling chin.
The greateſt ſtrength that man enjoys, conſiſts
Moſt in his ſhoulders, in his arms, and fiſts;
How neceſſary are our hands, our hands
Are handmaids to the body; man commands
All kind of things by them, nature imparts
Unto our hands, the Maſterſhip of arts.
With pliant joynts our fingers are upheav'd
Apt to receive and k ep the things receiv'd.

The

The ſervants of the mind they are, and do
What is her pleaſure to command them to:
The left hand (unexperienc'd) ſtands and ſerves
The right hand being a skilfull artiſt carves:
Nerves joine our bones, our bones do repreſent
The timber of our fleſhly Tennement.
The main-ſupporting pillar of the frame
Is cal'd the Chine, the Chine doth prop the ſame
Our thighs are plac'd beneath our hips and flank
Next Hams, the Calfs, below the knees the, ſhank,
And in the Lesk, but juſt below the groine,
(O ſhame to name!) our privities do joyne.
Our feet are uſeful dangers for to baulk,
One while to ſtand another while to walk.
They are the bodies moving ground-work, all
The fabrick (were it not for them) would fall.
Mans outward parts are ſhown, I'le now begin
To rip him up, and ſee what is within.
His lungs, like bellows, are they which receive
Contracted ayer, and the ſame regives;
They puff up, at their taking air in,
And ſhrink when they do let it out again,
The pory lungs doth with it's ſpungie fan
Refrigerate the heart: The heart of man
Is made Triangular, the heart doth give
Life to each part, without it none can live.

Th'hearts motion doth our bodies motion breed,
The vital ſpirits from the heart proceed;
She, ſhe the conduit of our blood convays
Her Crimſon bounty thorough cleare blew-wayes.
She mitigates the coldneſs of the ſpleen,
And in the bodie regulates as Queen;
If not by her, whence do our pulſes beat,
From her we do derive our nat'ral heat.
She is the center of the bodie, whence
All creatures draw their lives circumference.
This pearle abſconded in a Casket lies,
Is the firſt living, and the laſt that dies.
Man's ſtomack is a pot, wherein the meat
Is recon cocted, he before did eat.
The Meſaraick veins ſuck and deliver
The Chile of what we eat through pipes, to th' liver.
The belly is a buttery, wherein
(Within the cupbo:d of the bowels skin)
The groſſer offals, that the ſtomack leaues
Of its digeſtion adhers and cleaves.
Where they remaine, until dame-nature pleaſe
For to exonerate ſuch filthy lees.
When God had framed man with wondrous art,
He after made his ſoul the nobler part;
He did his droſs with ſacred fire refine
And breath'd in him a ſoul, a ſoul divine.

A ſoul immortal; death with all its power,
Nor Satans fiery darts can't it devour.
God to the ſoul eternal eſſence gave,
It had beginning, but no end ſhall have.
Wit, Underſtanding, Memory, and Will,
The palace of the ſoul inhabit ſtill:
How circular, how ſpeedy is hir motion?
She roundeth in a trice the Heav'n, Earth, Ocean:
She ſcales heav'ns tower with her Eagles wings;
Finds out th'obſtruce Originals of things;
As raine, hail, ſnow, ice, winds, nor doth ſhe wo
At flaſh of lightning, nor at claps of thunder.
When thus his Image, man, the Lord had m
Each way compleat, within himſelf he ſaid
It is not good, nor doth it pleaſe me well
That man alone without an ayd doth dwell:
I'le therefore make him one, his joy, his chear,
His Dove, his ſolace, his beloved dear.
With that the Lord, whoſe actions are ſo deep
Paſt finding out, caſt *Adam* faſt a ſleep;
Seal'd up his eyes, and from his fruitleſs ſide
Took out a rib, and of that rib a Bride
He faſhion'd out; and did ſo neatly dearn
The clift, that none the opening might diſcerne.
The woman made, God gave her unto man,
And he (awoke out of his ſleep) began

T'exp

T'expreſs his joy unparalelled favour;
I have an helper, the Almighty gave her
To be my wife; Lo two, are made of one,
Fleſh of my fleſh, and of my bone the bone.
And ſince the Lord from out my ſides did frame her
She ſhall be woman, woman will I name her.
(Nor is't a wonder why he call'd her ſo;
For unto MAN at laſt, ſhe prov'd a WOE.)
For this cauſe ſhall a man his parents leave,
And to his wife, his deare, adhere, and cleave.
So they were naked ſeeking no redreſs,
Nor did they bluſh, at this their nakedneſs.
The ſixth day left a univerſal ſhade,
And heav'n was pleaſed with the works he made.

An Appendix

Of { God's resting day. / Eden garden. / Man's { happiness before / misery after } his fall.

The Argument.

Six dayes expir'd, the seaventh day
God rests, and doth his works survay.
Eden is planted, man in Eden
May tast all frutis, but one forbiden,

Sect. 9.

When the great Architect had furnish'd all
The upper Regions; and the lower Ball,
He ceased from his works, and sanctifi'd
Unto himself, for ever to abide.
The seaventh day his glory it invested,
And from his workes, his workes so great, he rested.

The

The Lord of sabboths, hath this sabboth blest,
As a true Type of that eternal rest.
Kept in hav'ns blis'full Kingdome, to the praise
Of him that is the ancientest of dayes.
By his examples, he would have us doe
The like, and rest from wordly labour too.
This day of rest, our Saviour will come in
Unto our souls, if we let out our sin.
He sets wide ope, the portals, of his ears;
To entertaine, (as guests,) our praise, our prayers.
This day is Gods, oh let us then adore him,
And in his reverence, fall downe before him;
That so we may here after be possess'd
Of that true Sabboth, that eternal rest,
Prepar'd for saints. and joyfull Requiems sing,
Before our great, and everlasting King.
Six dayes are freely ours, but one, in heaven,
Is chaleng'd as a holy-day, by heaven;
And yet how little of that day we spend
Upon the service of so great a freind!
Alas! alas! how apt are we to think
That God beholds not, and his eyes do wink
At our neglects; but patience abus'd
Turnes fury: ah! can, can we be excus'd,
That thus transgress? no we have cause to feare,
This leeden feet, Gods iron hands are neare.

Within the radient borders of the East,
Where early *Titan* as a welcome gueſt
Findes entertainment, God a garden planted
For Man's ſole uſe, wherin there nothing wanted
To make it truly glorious, in it, he
The worlds abrig'd Epitomie might ſee;
Unfathom'd love ſpontaneouſly beſtowing
A paradiſe with milk and honey flowing:
Upon a man, an animated Clod
Muſt needs advance the goodneſs of our God.
Here is the true Elizium indeed,
Whoſe choyce variety of objects feed
The greedy eye; ſeeſt here a divers hieu,
Crimſon, Carnation, Green, and joyfull blew.
This ſoyle bears fruit, all ſeaſons in the yeare,
You cannot name the thing, but what is there.
See here coole Arbors, mark how bubbling Brooks
Do gently glide along in winding nooks:
Here's ſpeckled ammel beautifies the ground:
And heav'n-ſent-Manna, ev'ry morn is found.
The pretty birds (by nature taught) doe ſing
Melodious notes, to their mellifluous King.
How fragrantly life-breathing Ziphyr blowes
His ſweet-heart *Flora*, gen'rouſly beſtrowes
The ſmiling Earth, with oderiferous flowers, [ers
'Gainſt *Adam*'s wedding; pearly-dropping ſhow-

Enrich

Enrich the graſs; without the help of ploughs
Tellus parturiates; on the laden boughs
The mellow fruits do dangle, and do ſtand
Ambitious (as it were) to kiſs the hand.
O what a lovely luſtre doth adorn
The balmy air! the Amalthean horn
Is giv'n to *Adam* (not to *Hercules*)
Gemifluous Phiſon, golden Euphrates
Silver-wav'd Hiddekel, Chriſtal-ey'd Gihon,
Water this heav'nly earth, this earthly Sion.
Cloath'd are the Trees in green; the ſtately Pine,
And tow'ring Cedar, lovingly combine,
A Bow'r with bending arches to compoſe:
The ſhame fac'd Lilly, and the red-cheek'd Roſe,
Strive for priority: how all things ſmile
And e'ne luxuriate! Oh delightful ſoile!
Amongſt the trees wherewith th' Eternal grac'd
This prime plantation, in the midſt he plac'd
Two ſpeciall trees (both inordain'd for food,
But ſeals the one of life, of knowledg good
And evil was the ſecond; to th' intent
That *Adam*'s life ſhould not be idly ſpent
Trine-une *Jehovah* did his ſteps direct
To this bleſt Bow'r, and ſpake to this effect.
Of all the trees that in the Orchard be
I ſet them for thy uſe, one only tree

S'all be my rent; that tree thou ſhalt not taſt,
Which in the center of the garden's plac'd
The reſt are freely thine, by my permiſſion,
Rent-free: but yet on an imply'd condition:
What I injoyne be ſtudious to fulfill,
Touch not the tree of knowledg, good, and ill;
For by my ſacred majeſty, I vow,
And by my venerable name, if thou
Break but thy Leaſe, "thy very lips that ſhall
"Let in this fruit, ſhall let in death withal.
But if thou pleaſe me well, this tree ſhal be
A ſacred pledg between thy God, and thee.
My Vice-Roy ſhalt thou be, thy ſeed I'le bleſs,
Thy ſeed for ever ſhal the land poſſeſs.
Be thou obſequious thou ſhalt finde me mild,
I'le be thy father, thou ſhalt be my child.
He ſaid no more: *Adam* did then expreſs
His loyal duty, and his thankfulneſs.
Glorious, and great, who haſt inſtal'd me King
Of this vaſt Orb, and Lord of ev'ry thing
Within its larg dementions: Gratious Lord
Thou gav'ſt me all, nay of thine owne accord.
Ah Lord! what merrit? what deſarts in me
(To claime ſuch high-bred favours couldſt thou ſee)
O bounteous love! oh love that is extended
Beyond al bounds! O love uncomprehanded!

Ah

Ah ! ſhall thy mercyes overflow my banks ?
And ſhall I ebb, in the returnes of thanks ?
Thou giv'ſt me life, and rare enjoyments too,
To tell them out is more then I can do.
And ſhall I not acknowledg thee ? ah ! ſure
No ſenſeleſs ſtone can e're be ſo obdure.
Take partial thanks, for as for to expreſs
Love to the life I cannot, I confeſs :
Accept my mite, to praiſe I will perſever
Thine holy name, for ever, and for ever.
Ah ! far be it from me to countermand
What thou prohibit'ſt : ſhall thy lib'ral hand
Heap bleſſings on me ? thou afford'ſt me all,
Thy ſelfe reſerv'ſt but one, and ſhall I fail
To keep from thee thy right? ſhall my tranſgreſſion
Diſpleaſe the Land-lord of my free poſſeſſion.
O no, I will obey, one onley Tree
Shall put no varience 'twixt my God and me.
Should I attempt ſo foul a fact, I were not
Worthy to live ; might then Gods juſtice ſpare not
To vulnerate my ſoul, Oh might I feele
Th' imprinted ſtrakes of his revengeful ſteele.
Great God ! Oh may I rather ceaſe to be,
Then live t'offend, ſo good a God as thee ?
The Sun ſhall ſooner ceaſe, for to diſplay
On tender plants, his bright enlivning Ray :

Sooner

Sooner ſhall ſun-burnt India grow cold,
And Icy Zealand hot, and heav'ns grow old.
E're I from my firſt principles retreat,
Aud diſobey my God, ſo good, ſo great.
Thus *Adam* liv'd in favour with the Lord,
Enjoying all the joyes earth could afford.
On while he walks along the bordred Alleys,
Now up the hillocks, down anon, the valleys,
And now by whiſp'ring Brooks, takes ſweet rep
On beds of Lillies, and anon on Roſes.

The Argument.

The Devill in the Serpent's forme
Tempteth to ſin the woman firſt:
She man; ſo done, the Lord doth ſtorme,
The Serpent, Eve, and Adam's curſt.

SECT. *ult.*

Proud Lucifer, through vain ambition ſtrove
To equalize himſelfe with God above:
But of his pow'r Angelical bereaven,
He tumbled head-long down the courts of heaven:
From a bright Pallace to a ſulph'ry Cell,
Made Monarch of (the land of darkneſs) Hell.
Thus ſtrip'd of all his quondam pleaſures, he
Greatly envieth man's felicity:
Man is his eye-ſore, man's ſuperna! ſtate
The Object is of his infernal hate:
He finding opertunity, began
Slily to worke, the overthrow of man:
His guil s and wiles he palliates, and is
Turn'd int' a ſnake, ſtrange Metamorphoſis!

H

His toyles he ſpreads, and covertly he waits
To catch poore *Adam*, by his golden baits:
And's plot the better to acompliſh, he
Goes wriggling up on the forbiden tree:
Aſſaults the woman, with his baited gin,
And thus he drawes the ſily woman in.

Serpent.

Great Empreſs of the world: I humbly ſue
To be reſolved of a doubt, which you
Can ſatisfie me in: have you indeede
Your apetite reſtrain'd? what many't you 'eed
One evr'y pleaſant fruit? why ſo? doth God
Limit your pow'r? if ſo, 'tis very odd.

Eve.

Of all the trees that ſcited are in Eden,
There is but one, no more then one forbiden.
The tree thou ſeeſt, there in the middle plac'd,
We muſt on paine of death, not touch, nor taſt.
That God reſerv's unto himſelfe, for what
I know not, but 'tis death to taſt of that.

Serpent.

Piſh, Piſh you ſhall not dye, deaths bended Bow
Shall never harme you; you ſhal never know

What

What doth belong to death; death cannot ſlay you,
You are immortal; feare not death I pray you;
Touch, take, and taſt, (beleive me) and your eyes
Shall ſtraight be op'ned; you will be as wiſe
As he that made you; be but rul'd, and ye
As Gods, both knowing good and ill ſhall be.
Feare not, (faire Lady) eat, I as a freind
Adviſe you not for any Private end,
Or ſelf-reſpect; you ſhall be deifi'd:
Ambitious *Jove*, no equals can abide.
Coy woman taſt, behold their beautiful,
And cherry cheeks, coy woman doe but pull.
Cannot thoſe mellow-delicates, invite
Your wat'ring palate, to an appetite?
Methinkes they ſhould, taſte, and you ſhall have skil,
To know the diference 'twixt good, and ill.
Why draw'ſt thou back? To the poſſeſſed Snake,
The credulous woman this reply did make.

Eve.

Wiſeſt of beaſts, all that you ſpeak is true,
You counſel for the beſt, all thanks be due,
For your great love your love which doth tranſcend
All merit of mine, thanks to my loyal freind:
My life's to ſmall to hazard for your eaſe,
Freind I could give't, your ſpeeches doe ſo pleaſe.

This

This fruit is marv'lous pleasing to the eye;
And questionless, 'tis to the taste: I'le try.
And eat thereof and give my husband *Adam*.

Serpent.

They bow to serve you, at your pleasure, Madam.

Eve.

Ah! how delitious is this fruit, how sweet!
A finer Apple I did never eat.
Husband, my love, come sit thee down by me,
And taste the vertue of this sov'raigne Tree.
Say, say my love, did e're thine eye behold
A Tree so fair, so rare as this; be bold,
As was thy *Eve*; and venter on't; for why?
Come what come will, thou'lt fare no worse then I.
Ah! hadst thou knowne my deareſt what a bliss
Attends the eating, thou hadst eat e're this. (nearer
What? frownes my *Adam*? wilt thou not draw
And taste my love, then whom my life's not deare
For *Eves* sake eat, and know both good and ill.

Adam:

Seeing thou invit'st me eat, my joy, I will.
Ah! wee have sin'd in medling with this Tree,
This curſed Tree; Oh whither shall we flee?

Undon!

Undone! undone! we know not what to do,
What course to take, Oh whither shall we goe?
Lo we are naked, and we must confess
Asham'd we are, of this our nakedness,
And blush to think on't, were not we of late
All cloth'd in glory? but where's now our state?
What have we got by our presumptious pride?
But shame, which if we could, faine would we hide.
Strange change! we have exchang'd, sad thing to tel,
God for an apple, and a heav'n for hell.
My conscience tells me what a gracious God
We have offended; now methinks his rod
He shakes in fury; now methinks his ire
Threatens to burn us, with consuming fire:
What thinkest thou, may not these leaves hard by
Make aprons wife, for naked thee, and I:
Quick, let's these broad Fig-leaves together sew,
And hide the shame, we are asham'd to shew.
Experience tels us that the things which tend
To greater blis, prove dang'rous in the end.
The fruit that's pleasing, is not alwayes sound;
Untoothsome Clerus is in hony found.
That man-betraying Scorpion, did bring
Hony in's mouth, but in his tail a sting.
The fruit that seemed best, prov'd worst of all:
Sweet in the mouth, but in digestion gall.

Eve.

Eve.

Hark! hark! methinks I hear (too true I fear)
A thundring voyce come rounding in mine eare.
I' me ſure I hear't. I prithee *Adam* ceaſe
Thy querulous complaints, peace, husband peace.
Ah me! vile wretch, 'tis God, undon! undon!
We have tranſgreſs'd, 'tis therfore time to run;
Let's hide us in the Woods I feare, I feare,
That he will catch us, naked, as wee are.
A poor defence God-wot, what brazen Tower
Can keep us ſafe from his all-bat'ring power.
¶ Such as doe ſtrive, by hiding of their ſin,
To ſhut God out, do let the Devil in.
The caſe is ours: the more we would conceale
Our ſins, alas! the more we them reveal.
What place can us ſecure? where can we lie
Abſconded from his all-beholding eye?
Dye, dye wee muſt, no wayes of our coutriving
Can ſave us harmeleſs; can wee gaine by ſtriving?
Are our bones Brazil, orour fleſh of Steel?
Can wee imagine that we ſhal not feele,
The worſt of his diſpleaſure? dare we ſtand
In oppoſition to th' Almighties hand?
Or rather ſhal we with ſubmiſſive tears
Beg hard for pardon, w'have a Wolfe by th' ears.

The

The bellows, of our ſins, have blowne the coales
Of flaming vengeance to devour our ſouls.

Adam.

Peace, peace, I heare him too; he thunders now,
Where art thou *Adam*, tell me, where art thou.

Adam.

Great God! thy voyce, thy dreadful voyce, I heard
Ruſh in the garden, and I was affray'd:
It was my ſhameful nakedneſs, did move
Me to ſeek ſhelter in this ſhadie grove.

God.

Naked? who told thee thou wer't naked? haſt
Thou eat the fruit, forbidden thee to taſte.
Gods mercyes *Adam* having thus abus'd,
Accus'd the woman, but himſelf excus'd.

Adam.

All-glorious Lord, ſhee whom thou gav'ſt me, gave
The fruit unto me, and I eaten have.

God.

Nefandious woman, ah! what haſt thou done,
That thus my awful preſence thou doſt ſhun?

Eve.

Lord, I confeſs that my offence is great;
The Serpent tempted me, and I did eat;
The Rhet'rick of his tongue did ſo delight
Mine eares, that I obey'd mine appetite.
Thus did his Oratorious deluſion
Lead me along, unto my ſad confuſion.

The Serpent's curſe.

Becauſe thou haſt fallitionſly deceiv'd
The ſilly woman; thou ſhalt be bereav'd
Of future happineſs; thou, thou, the worſt
Of all the beaſts: ſhalt not be leaſt acurs'd,
Duſt ſhalt thou eat, and ſince thou haſt done ſo,
For ever ſhalt thou on thy belly go,
Abhor'd of all; moreover I'le diſperſe
Debate, and variance 'twixt thy ſeed, and hers.
Her ſeed ſhall bruiſe thy head: And poyſnous thine
Shall bruiſe her heele, and round her heele entwine.

Eves curſe.

And thou, nefarious bride, who haſt betray'd
Thy husbands truſt, and wickedly obey'd
The Serpents words; I will inflict on thee
As bad a curſe, as any curſe can be.

In

In paine bring forth thou ſhalt; greifs ſhall encum-
Thy tortur'd ſoul; thy torments ſhal out number (ber
The minutes of thy life; ten thouſand woes
Shall plague thy ſpirit; and thrice as many throes
Shall rack thy body, this diſaſt'rous chance
Shall cling to thee till thy deliverance.
With all ſubmiſſion: thou, vile creature, thou,
Thy ſervile neck, ſhalt to thine husband bow:
He, ſhall rule over thee, and thou ſhalt ſtand
As loyable, to his ſeverer hand.

Adam's Curſe.

Apoſtatized wretch, becauſe thou haſt
Giv'n audience to thy wife, to boldly taſte
The bitter ſweets of this reſerved Tree,
From which (on paine of death,) I warned thee.
Curs'd be the earth, and all her ſmiling pleaſures,
Her gratefull plenty and exub'rant Treaſures:
Curs'd for thy ſake, b' earth's amiable face,
Let thorns, and thiſtles, grow in ev'ry place.
And thou, for this abominable deed,
Shalt feed on hearbs; I'le make thee get thy bread,
With a laborious hand: thy ſweetned meat
Muſt now have ſower ſauce: thy toylſome ſweat
Shall ſtand in furrowes, on thy bubling brow,
Earning thy living at the painefull plough.

Thus shalt thou live; till death the thred divide
Of thy fraile life, thy sorrowes shall abide.
A number of diseases shall attend
Thy loathed life; sins off-spring, death, shall send
His Harbingers abroad, which shall anoy thee,
And never leave thee, till they quite destroy thee.
The never missing dart of death shall slay
The brittle Casket of thy soul, and lay
Thy earth-ta'ne body in an earthly urne;
For dust thou art and shalt to dust returne.
Be gone; base Caitiffe, from this garden, flee,
Such rare enjoyments sha'nt belong to thee.
Be gone: be gone: no longer shalt thou please
Thy del'cate palate with such cates as these:
Worse fare shall serve thy turne: with ploughs goe [wound
Thy native soile goe dig, and delve the ground.

---

1 Tim, 1, 17.

Ἀφθάρτῳ βασιλεῖ (πάντων) δόξα Θεῷ.

TO

To the reverend, his much
Honored Freind, Mr

FRANCIS TAILOUR

Anagr.

AL VAIN FOR C(H)RIST.

(doe account.

With Paul ALL VAINE FOR C(H)RIST *you*
So shall you to the heigth of glory mount.

Honored SIR,

THe Series of your favours did invite
Mine unfleg'd Muse, to take a sudaine flight,
On *Peg'sus* wings, 'twas that which did infuse
A quickning life into my dying Muse.
Can *Helicon* want lucid streames ! can I
Be dry of matter, you *Mecenas* by ?
I hate to be ungratefull, if I should
Not make a verse the Rocks and Mountains would:
The sequestration of two hours time
From serious Studies, I imploy'd in Rhime.
Yet *N*othing went about, with what I drew
From Nothing, Nothing, I present to you.

- 1993

Dreſs'd in a rude, yet in a ſober, ſtile,
Hoping you will at my endeavours ſmile.
You hate (as wel as I) theſe dang'rous times,
To caſt your eyes on vaine and wanton Rhimes.
And I could gladly ſpend my flitting dayes
In penning Sonnets to my makers praiſe.
To your protecting wings I therefore fly
For ſhelter: ah! but when my ſerious eye
Darts on your worth, and on my ſelfe looks down,
I feare the wrath of a condemning frown.
Juditious Sir, if that you pleaſe t' affect
Theſe embrio-lines 'tis more then I expect.
But yet, I know your candour wil excuſe,
Since 'tis an ev'ning, not a morning muſe.
I crave not praiſe, but pardon: I have got
Mountaines of praiſe if you disdaine me not.
O may you live unto grand Neſtor's day
With ſilver age, and honor cown'd: ſo prayes
Your humble ſervant, whoſe unbound deſire
Is Phenix-like, to burne in duties fire:
Whoſe life's too ſmal to hazard for your eaſe,
Sir, I am yours, command me when you pleaſe.

N B.

Wickham-brooks
June 5. 1657.

THE

The Praiſe of Nothing:

The prince of Poets, wrot of Frogs, and Mice:
Virgil of Gnats: and *Heniſius* of Lice:
Witty *Eraſmus*, Folly's praiſe did write
And *Drayton*, did upon Madge-Owle endite.
On Hazle-Nuts ſmooth *Ovid* verſifies:
And ſome do treat of Maggots, and of flies.
One hath ſuch ſtatelineſs t' a bald-pate given,
That there is ſcarce an haire 'twixt it and heav'n.
This lauds brave Bag-Puddings: whilſt he compoſes
The admirable honour of Red-Noſes,
And ſuch poore petty things, and ſhall no ſtory
Be penn'd in honour of great Nothings glory
Shal ſhee, from whence all things a being have,
Lye dead, and buried, in oblivions grave?
My muſe ſhall praiſe her, though ſhe can't compile
Fine ſilken words, nor in ornated ſtile
Blazon great Nothing, for ſhee ſeemes to be
A Theam, more fit for *Homer*, then for me.
I mar'l to her, men did not Temples frame,
Like that at Epheſus, to *Dianas* name.
Had I a world of eloquence I know
Twere ſcarce enough all nothings worth to ſhew

- 1993

I ſtand aſtun'd, (not knowing what does ail me)
Mine eyes doe dazle, and my thoughts e'ne faile me.
For to conceive her ſeenleſs parts, and Name,
My words are wanting to expreſs the ſame.
I'le ſummon her t'appeare in her owne praiſe;
(Though tongueleſs) yet imagine that ſhe ſaies
Upon a ſtage, amidſt a gazing throng
Of glad Spectators, this triumphall ſong.
Kinde auditors, be pleaſed to encline
Your willing eats, to this poore ſpeech of mine.
Although that All-things in my place doe ſtan
Mine age (as right) may claime the upper hand.
Is't fit the Daughter, ſhould her duty ſmother,
And yeild no rev'rence t'her decripit Mother?
Does it become her well? ought ſhee to owe
No more reſpect? is this a ſeemly ſhew?
Where is her ſtorgie? what, doth ſhe not minde
The empty wombe that bare her? oh unkinde!
Nay had it been a freind, that ſhould deceive me
An ordinary freind, it ne're had greev'd me:
But that my childe, mine owne deare childe, ſhould
To own me not is more then moſt extreeam. (ſeem
Had I a mother, I ſhould judge all honor,
And love, too little to beſtow upon her.
She's grown ſo burlie, and I am ſo ſmall,
That I can hardly be diſcern'd at all.

The

The black ſpot on a beane, a Flea, a Fly,
An Ant, a Nitt is not ſo ſmall as I.
All little things are pretty, and the taller
Are more deform'd, then me ther's nothing ſmaller.
Small as I am, yet of my ſhapeleſs feature [greater.
God fram'd the world; and what (but God) is
No father had I, neither did I come
From out the Cloſet of a mothers wombe.
I was, and was not, ſubſtance have I none,
No fleſh, no blood, no ſinewes, nerves, nor bone.
Nor can I juſtly ſtiled be trub-body,
For I have neither hinder parts nor body.
I'me cloath'd in emptineſs, tranſparent cloathing
As thin as Aire; I doe repaſt on Nothing,
Chamelion like; and as a veſtal Nun
So chaſt am I, all company I ſhun.
I lead a ſolitary life, for where
The leaſt thing is, be ſure I am not there.
Could you but try me, you would lighter finde.
Then Cephus toſt with ev'ry guſt of winde.
I liv'd (though dead) from all eternity,
What was there (can you tell) but God and I?
Out of meere love hath not th' Eternal fram'd
All things of me that are, unnam'd, are nam'd?
Goe ask the ſtarrie gal'ries if they be
Deriv'd of any but of God and me,

By

By us those Squtchions, thick as *Argus* eyes
Hang out and twinckle in the Marble Skies.
Even as bright *Phebe's* borrow'd raies do shine
By *Titan*, *Titan* does by Gods, and mine.
Ask but the earth, if she did ever crown
Her front, and put on an embroidred gown,
'Bout her grose waste, if ever she did ware
Such fruits, like pendant-Iewells in her eares?
If the blew heav'ns like braclets did her deck,
Or starrs, like beads, encompassed her neck
Before I was: ask her and if her Globe
Was circumvested, with a Sea-green Robe.
Ask her all this, and if that she denies
Apparent truth; in flat and plaine, shee lies.
Tell her from me, from me arise her Bowers:
I fill'd her lapp, with oderiferous flowers.
The warr-us'd Cornel, and the Mast-full Beach,
The fun'ral Cypress, and the velvet Peach,
The downy Poplar, the piramidal Pear
The tow'ring Cedar and tall Pine did rear
Their heads from me: from me, a golden tindge
Ceres receiv'd: a Jasper colour'd frindge
Embellished the Meddows, Pastures, Land,
All dispar'd with spangled Dazies stand.
All Birds, Beasts, Fishes, rarest gems rich mines,
From out my fruitful loynes, derive their lines.

I'me

I'me Alpha, and Omega ; from me ſprings
Both the begining, and the end, of things.
When the rebellious world, for ſin was drown'd
Then only *Noah's* Arke and I was found.
When flaſhing fire, and ſtifeling Brimſtone, rain'd
On Sodom, and Gomorah, I remaind.
Rome's Capitol, and Troy's Palladium,
Carthag, and Athens, are to nothing come. (ly?
Where's Thebs brag, of her hundred gates but late-
The Tow'rs of Babilon? where be the ſtately
Long Obeliskes ? the Piramid's? where's now
Mauſolus Tombe ? can any tell me how
The Temple builded to *Diana's* ſhrine
Doth ſtand ? did they not all to me reſigne.
Say where is *Pharo's* Tow'r ? can you behold
Jove's ſimelachre, rich for burniſh'd gold ?
Gold-pav'd Jeruſalem is, alas ! bereft
Of all her pompe, and ſhe hath nothing left ?
Nothing is left, that is for ſome thing good ;
Graſs growes where brave Dædalian buildings ſtood
Nay heavens ſhall melt, the univerſall frame
Return to nothing, from the whence it came ;
Is Hercules alive ; can he be glorious
Sudbu'd by me ? Think you that the victorious
Undaunted Cæſar, and great Pompey too,
Two thunder-bolts of War, exploits can do ?

Now

Now they are dead? could the great *Alexander*
Who weep'd, in that he could not be commander
Of many worlds? could his brave acts and glory
Keep him from being Nothing? could the hoary
Age of grand Nestor save him from the Urne,
When dust he was, and must to dust returne.
Blind *Homer*, solid *Virgil*, none sets eye on
Wise *Cato's* gone, the Dolphin caryd *Arion*;
Stout *Hector*, am'rous *Paris*, Troy-bane *Hellen*,
Subtile *Ulisses*, are to Nothing fell in.
Where is *Amphion*, at whose Musicks sound
The Theban walls were raised from the ground?
The eared Oakes, shall never any more
Dance after *Orpheus* pipes as heretofore.
Caonean Doves, in the Dodonian grove,
Shall ever cease more Oracles to move.
Who wil beleeve that *William* once againe
Can conquer Saxons? he and all his men
Alas! where are they? are they not return'd
From whence they came, and into nothing spurn'd?
Where's bloody *Mary*, and *Elizabeth*,
Of blessed memory, but kil'd by death.
Where's now pacif'cal *Iames*, misguided *Charles*?
How many worthies, Nobles, Barons, Earles,
Lords, Knights & Gentle-men were there, that have
Took full possession of the gaping grave.

What

What are the rich but duſt, as well as they
That beg? Death is a debt which all muſt pay.
Can *Eſſex* lead an Army, when to Leed
His body is confin'd; *Vantrump* is dead,
And the Armodo ſunk, and its deſigne
Was croſs'd in eighty eight, and thirty nyne.
All things of nothing made, to nothing tend,
And what hath a beginning muſt have end.
In time of dearth, there's nothing to be found
But ſapleſs ſtalks, upon the fruitleſs ground,
Nothing but ſingults, mixt with hearty tears
Can ſcale the fortreſs, of th' Almighties eares.
Nothing ſo merciſull as God, he moans
Repentant ſinners, when he hear's their gaoans.
Nothing but grace, conducteth unto glory,
Then which there's nothing more untranſitory.
More could I ſay, but the deſcending Sun
Takes off my Pen, with Nothing I have *done*.
Iam deſine tibia verſus.

DIVINE

Divine Ejaculations.

1.

MY God which art a brazen wall,
A Bul-warke of conſuming fire,
Guard me and let my foe-men fall,
Who;cauſleſſly my fall conſpire.
Oh let thy favour be my ſheild,
So ſhall my ſoul maintaine the field.

2.

Oh thou which giv'ſt thine Angels charge,
To guide thy ſervants in their warrs,
Do thou protect me, and enlarge
My ſtreightned heart, to ſound thy praiſe,
If with thy favour, thou ſurround me,
No hell-borne mallice ſhall confound me.

3.

Thou which thy children from the fire,
And Daniel from the Lions Den,
Haſt freed? Oh free me from the ire
Of bloody and malitious men.
Thy grace can chaſe an hoaſt of evils,
And Legions of infernal Devils.

4.

When dang'rous waves on me did roul,
By thy right hand, I ſav'd have been:
Thou heard'ſt the pantings of my ſoul.
And when I knock'd did'ſt let me in.
Thy court of mercy; nay thine ears,
Were prone to heare my ſilent teares.

5.

Although the tot'ring heav'ns quiver,
And earth her looſned limbs doe ſhake,
Yet haſt thou promis'd to deliver,
Who, thee their hope, and Anchor, make.
And thou to thine a gratious God,
Abſcond'ſt them from thy flaming rod.

6.

Thou from the chambers of the earth,
From gates of hell, and ſhades of death,
Haſt power to ſave, and giveſt birth.
Unto a body-banniſh'd breath.
O let thy quickning grace ſhine in
My breethleſs ſoul, when dead to ſin.

7.

When as the clouds of thy displeasure
(Portending stormes) together gather,
Oh let thy fury know a measure,
Remember th' art a loving Father.
Though I'me a disobedient child,
Make me as good as thou art milde.

8.

In wisdome thou chastizest thine,
And in the furnace of affliction,
Their drossie souls thou dost refine;
And by thy Judgments, stamp conviction.
If thy corrections thou dost lengthen,
Accordingly be pleas'd to strengthen.

9.

Will he persist in wrath? and never
Admit of thoughts of mercy? can
The Lord abandon his for ever?
O no, for he is God, not man.
He vows, (and will his vows performe)
His fury shall not alwayes storme.

10.

O happy he whom God corrects,
Therefore his chaſtening doe not ſhun;
The Lord afflicts whom he affects,
As doth a father, his lov'd Son.
Nor doth he alwayes fury like,
For he doth ſtroke, as well as ſtrike.

11.

Who would not willingly endure
A minutes-time a little paine;
If after that he might be ſure
Ten thouſand years of eaſe to gaine?
Afflictions light, and tranſitory,
Yeild an eternal weight of glory.

12.

Cleanſe me from ſoul infecting ſin,
And purely purg away my droſs,
O do thou take from me my Tin;
(And make me joy in ſuch a loſs,)
O Lord my crooked wayes reforme,
And be my pilot in a ſtorme.

13.

If thou affliction pleaſe to ſend
To try my frailties, and weak graces;
Make me look up, and learne to mend,
That thou mayeſt hugg me with embraces.
" The Law is rough, the Goſpell calm,
" Be that the Launce, and this the Balm.

14.

Whither thy favour thou diſplay,
Or doſt with flaming fury glow;
O let me with the faithfull ſay
I doe by good experience know,
All things ſhall worke for good to thoſe
Who God affect, whome God hath choſe:

15.

As my affliction Lord abounds
So let my conſolation,
Pour Balſam in my bleeding wounds,
And hide m' in thy pavilion.
Although I fall yet I ſhall ſtand
Supported by thy helping hand.

Great

16.

Great God! though my offences urge
Thy heavie hand, yet Lord refraine,
My Saviour's blood hath power to purge
My ſcarlet ſins, though dy'd in graine.
One drop can ſcour, and make them full
As bright as ſnow, as white as wooll.

17.

Thy frowning Juſtice ſtormes doe bring,
But thy cleare mercyes them doe ſtop:
I'le be content with a wet ſpring,
So I may have a joyfull crop.
Comforts will troops of greif deſtroy,
Who ſow in teares ſhall reap in joy

18.

My God, my Rock, my Sheild, my Tower,
My health, my ſtrength, deliver me,
From thoſe three foes, that would devour,
Ah! I ſhall fall unheld by thee.
Thou only haſt the power to quell
Pernitious foes, Sin, Death, and Hell.

19.

Thou Lord wilt lay no more on me
When my weak back can bear no longer
Either my burthen light ſhall be,
Or elſe my feeble faith grow ſtronger.
O let my well-prepared breaſt
With what thou ſend'ſt contented reſt.

20.

The judgments of the Lord are juſt;
Why ſhould his judgments then diſmay me?
I in my God will put my truſt,
Although my God ſhould pleaſe to ſlay me.
O Lord before thee do I ſtand,
As clay within the potters hand.

21.

In time of want, grant I may live
By faith, and on thy promiſe feed;
Thou, Lord more ready art to give,
Then I to ask, when I do need.
O heav'nly Father, make it ſtill
My meat, and drink, to do thy will.

22.

O may I firſt thy Kingdome ſeek,
And righteouſneſs which flowes from thee,
(So ſhall I be confirm'd though weak)
And other things ſhall added be.
Ah Lord! ſhall I preſume to truſt
Thee for a Kingdome, not a cruſt.

23.

In poverty be thou my wealth,
May I fear thee, and eſchew ill,
It ſhall be to my navil health,
And my dry bones with marrow fill:
In thee it lies for to refreſh
The fainting ſpirit, and trembling fleſh.

24.

O Lord, uphold me in my walk,
For ah! my feet are apt to ſtumble;
Chain thou my tongue from ſinful talk,
In all conditions make me humble?
O give me grace to truſt in thee,
So ſhall, it then goe well with me.

THE

The Birth of CHRIST.

To be propitious to him, while he ſings,
The mean'ſt of Poets craves the beſt of Kings.

GReat God of lights, be pleaſed to infuſe
Celeſtial light, into mine infant Muſe.
Be thou to me an unſeal'd fountaine, whence
I may ſuck joyfull ſtreames: tranſport my ſenſe,
Above this Mole-hill earth, doe thou diſtill
Into the concave of my trembling Quill,
Thoſe lucid drops of divine Oratory,
From thy full Lembick, to ſet out the ſtory
Of thy Son's condiſcention. I ſhall ſtray,
If thou aſſiſt not, O be thou my way.
Lord I am weak at beſt, direct my youth,
That I may nothing write, but what is truth.
O teach thou me though tender, and unripe,
To play upon this ſlender Oaten pipe:
Soe tune it Lord that I may breath upon it
And ſound thy praiſes, in a laſting Sonnet.
I care not for (ſo thou but guid my Quill)
Swet *Helecon*, nor yet Parnaſus-hill.
Make me an inſtrument to ſing thy praiſe
I crave a crowne of glory, not of Bayes.

It was the time when in the morning ruddy
The thrice three ſiſters flock'd into my ſtudy,
And having play'd upon their Ivr'y Lyre
Such Rapſodies as Phœbus did inſpire.
One of the nine (the other held their tongue)
Caliope ſtood up and thus ſhe ſung.
(The reſt gave audience, by my desk I ſit,
And what ſhe ſpake in Characters I writ.)
All you whoſe teare-bedewed eyes eſpy
The ill ſhap'd viſage of your ſins, draw nigh;
Mark! and conſider what the Lord hath done,
To ſave loſt ſinners he hath ſent his Son.
And you whoſe eyes could never yet let fall
A teare in earneſt for your ſins; come all,
Come, and in heart-proceeding tears behave you,
And doe not doubt, a Chriſt is borne to ſave you.
" How can your frozen gutters chuſe but run,
" That feel the warmth of ſuch a glorious Sun.
Now Roſy-fac'd *Aurora* does unfold
Her purple Curtains, all befring'd with gold.
And from the pillow of his ſaffron bed,
Don-Phebus rouzeth his refulgent head.
He newly leaving th' Oriental ſtreames
Of *Thetis*, brandiſheth her trembling beams,
Lo now bright *Phoſpher* doth abroad diſplay
His early fulgor. uſh'ring in the day

Of welcome joy : Now is the golden morn,
Wherein the Saviour of the world is born.
Borne, and of whom ? a virgin, what is stranger ?
Where, in a Stable ? and in what, a manger ?
O wond'rous meekneſs ! he that might be born
In a rich pallace, thought it not a ſcorn
To reſt upon a Cratch, and lay him down
On locks of ſtraw, and not on beds of down
This child of glory (with his locks of Amber)
Grac'd a poore ſtable, not a princely chamber.
His Mother in her travail had of Lawn
No ſheets; no vallents, nor no curtains drawn.
Nor could ſhe there (as ſhe deſerv'd) behold
Brave Tapſtry-hangings, all enrich'd with gold ?
No Scarlet blankets did enwrap her child,
Unſpotted, holy, harmleſs, undefil'd;
O object of delight ! how amiable
Are thy rare vertues ! and how vile the ſtable
In which they are inclos'd ! there art thou lain,
Thou whom the heav'n of heav'ns cannot contain.
O groundleſs depths of thy humilitie !
What ? room for ſwearers, and no room for thee
For to be entertain'd ? ah ! had'ſt thou bin
As bad as they, thou might'ſt have had an Inn.
Foxes have holes, and ev'ry bird their neſt,
But Chriſt had not whereon his head might reſt.

Bles't

Bles't Son if God, oh! how haſt thou debas'd
Thy glorious ſelf, ah! why would'ſt thou be plac'd
In ſuch a homely bow'r; was't not that we
Might by thy pattern learn humility?
Art thou advanc'd unto the higheſt pitch
Of fortune? be not proud, Chriſt was not rich.
Art thou involv'd in gulfs of Povertie?
Remember Chriſt was poore as well as thee.
He's poore without, but all enrich'd within,
Like other men in all things, ſaving ſin.
Our mediator, and our advocate,
Is born but meanly, not in regal ſtate.
And all for ſinners, oh! th' abounding love
Of a ſweet Saviour! he that was above
Angels in glory; and might ſtill inherit
Inveſteſt honor, bears an humble ſpirit,
And to b' as low, as low can be, hath choſe;
The inundation of his love o're flowes,
Our thoughts conceptions thou doſt expand
Pure love; ah! what deſerve we at thy hand
But fire and brimſtone? ah! what moves thee thus
Dear Lord! what goodneſs doſt thou find in us?
Lord! what is man, that thou ſhould'ſt mindfull be
To ſave from torment, ſuch a wretch as he.
Towards froward ſinners he his favour turnes;
Oh! how our God in his affection burnes.

O love un parallel'd ! uncomprehended !
Great God ! ah ! whither is thy love extended !
Cheare up poor sin-sick soul; art thou oppreſt,
And heavy laden, Chriſt will give thee reſt?
Rouz thee from sinfull sleep, ere break of day,
Mark what the Angel did to th' Shepards say?
He saies to thee fear not ; lo now I bring
Tidings of joy; for unto you a King
A Saviour is born, is borne to day,
Where princely David did the ſcepter ſway :
The wiſe-men ſee, conducted by a ſtar
A Sun-ſhine, brighter then the Sun by farr.
O may we all unanimouſly run
To view the riſing of ſo clear a Sun.
Lord let us not with Herod and the Jews,
Hearing thy birth be troubled at the news.
But joy in that thou comeſt to reſtore
And ſave us ſinners, who were loſt before.
This, this is he concerning whome 'twas ſaid
The womans ſeed ſhall break the Serpents head.
This, this is he, whoſe raies caſt ſuch a fire,
As ſhould enflame our amorous deſire.
Who can behold ſo ſweet a babe as this is,
And not embrace him whith a thouſand kiſſes !
Before his ſight, the pureſt Lamp ſeems dim,
And light is darkneſs, if compar'd to him.

If

If he but ſhew the Sun-ſhine of his eye
We doe revive, if he withdraw we dye.
We by the ſplendour of his rayes, have bin
Freed from the darkſome dungeon of ſin.
Lord how inſcrutable ! oh how profound
Are thy wayes ! oh ! how deeply are we bound
To praiſe, and pleaſe thee, and to be enclin'd
To love thee with our ſouls, our ſtrength, & mind !
Shine Sun of glory, let thy beams divine
Revive our ſpirits, Shine, Sun of glory ſhine.
Life of our ſouls, more glorious to behold
Then fruitfull Ophir's beſt refined gold ;
Do thou me in thy lovely armes embrace,
And help me varniſh thy atracting grace,
With ſacred Rhetorick ; if on my tongue
The Lutes, and Vials of the Angels, hung,
Thoſe Sonnets I could ſound in endleſs dayes,
Would not be correſpondent to thy praiſe.
O let thy lips, in a diviner ſtory
Declare thy graces, and divulge thy glory
As Angels did, glory be to thee ſtill,
Peace on the earth, and unto men, good will.
Be glad my ſoul whilſt all the world records,
With one conſent : *Salvation is the Lord's.*
Th' eternal God, hath ſent his onely Son
To dye for us ; we by his loſs are won.

To *Ela*'s note let us our voyces raiſe,
And touch our Organs on their lowder keyes,
To us, is born, to us, is ſent from heaven,
The Lord of life; to us, a Son is given.
To us, that are farr leſſer then the leaſt
Of mercies, this great mercy is expreſt.
With that *Calliope* ſpreads out her wings,
And quick (as did the reſt) away ſhe ſprings:
Then for the preſent, raptures left my head,
Invention vaniſh'd, and my fancy fled.

IN

In Natalim Chriſti.

Acroſticon.

M *ens digeſta cupit claru* M *reſonare triumphu* M
V *ulnifico exemit Chriſt* V *s nos Ditis ab ict* V
N *umine dexter, ades ſple* N *deſcat pectore lume* N
D *ivinum Deus; irra* D *iet menti jubar illu* D
I *cta chelys, rutil* I *feriat laquearia Cæl* I

S *ol petit Antipodas aulæ* S *tellantis Alumnu* S
A *lloquitur pecudum P* A *ſtores, p ndit et alt* A
L *ux micat, en l mundi ſa* L *vator, Juſtitiæ So* L
V *irginis è gremio exorit* V *r, (mirabile dict* V
A *ngelicis concuſſ* A *tremunt concentibus aſtr* A
T *erra Choros agita* T *; Nymphæ cũ Tethyde ſaltan* T
O *re Chaos gemit h* O *rrendo; reparabilis Ecch* O
R *ugit, et auratus ſt* R *epitu confunditur athe* R.

I *am ſoboles divina De* I, *pro crimine mund* I
E *xcelſa aſtrigeri co* E *li delabitur arc* E
S *umit et humana* S, *indutus corpore forma* S
V *ita Salus, mihi ſis La* V *s, Gloria dulcit Jeſ* V
S *ic meo plectra tuas, re* S *onabat pectore Laude* S

A Hymne in Commemoration of the Gun-powder Treason.

NOw the grisly God of Hell,
With his monsters, fierce and fell,
Which in pitchy Ceverns dwell
Enter into consultation:
And the Devil's Impe the [Pope,]
And the Catholicks which grope
In the darke, doe greatly hope
For to see our desolation.

E're our Queen *Elizabeth*
Had resign'd her lateſt breath,
Men and Devils underneath
Met to hatch a horrid treason.
Garnet moves the King of Spaine
To invade: King *James* his reigne
New begun makes him refrain
That designe b'ing rul'd by reason.

Sedi-

Seditious *Catesby* he recites
To *Winter*, what he had as lights,
From *Parsons* and the Jesuites,
On which the Powder-plot was grounded.
These Catalmes with their complices
(Foes to vertue, freinds to vices)
Swear to hide the enterprizes
Which shall be to them propounded.

Powder-Barrels thirty six;
(Billet-wood and faggot sticks
For to colour it) they fix,
In a Cellar that was voyd.
This conspir'd to overthrow
King and Kingdome at a blow,
What to do they faine would know,
Faux a villaine they employ'd.

A letter sent to th' Lord *Mounteagle*,
To discontent did him inveigle,
The King, like a Mejestick Eagle,
Saw with his judgments peircing eye;
And when the councel of the land
(Though they the words had wisely scan'd)
The meaning could not understand,
The letters sense he did discry.

The King commands, they ſearch about,
For to remove ſuſpitious doubt;
At laſt they find the trayto: out,
With a dark lanthorn in his hand.
The plot's reveal'd, and al their aims
His gratious goodneſs God proclaimes,
In ſaving thus our ſoveraine *James*
And all the Nobles of the land,

Oh what for us the Lord hath wrought,
He, he hath reſcu'd us, and brought
All our foes fond atempts to nought?
Bloody mindes have bloody ends.
In the ſecret-hidden ſnare,
Which for us they did prepare,
They themſelves intangled are;
Powder plotters powder rends.

They that did our deaths conſpire,
And did very much deſire
We might dance in ſhets of fire,
Their plots found out, they fled our coaſts.

Some of them did a halter ſtretch,
Guy Faux, a brazen-faced wretch,
Had's head erected on a cratch:
Glory be to the Lord of Hoaſts.

Thrice bleſſed be this day, may not
The unaccompliſh'd Powder-plot,
By any Chriſtians be forgot.
O joyfull joyfull holy day!
Let Bells in ev'ry Steeple ring,
And ev'ry ſort of people ſing,
And boyes their ſquibs and crackers fling,
And bone-fires beamy light diſplay.

Let all of us with one accord
Extoll and magnifie the Lord;
Who to this Iſland did afford
So great, ſo ſtraing deliverance!
O ſing we allwaies to his prayſe,
Sweet Sonnets Hymnes and Lirick-Layes,
Who doth preſerve his Church alwaies,
Praiſe God my ſoul, his praiſe advance.

GENETHLIACON,
OR
A Birth-ſong, in honor of our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt his coming into the World.

1.

FRom the skies Night ſlideth down;
Cloathed in a ſable gown;
And her drowſie head doth crown,
With a Poppy Coronet:
Muffling up her ſcar-crow face;
Holding forth a Leeden Mace;
Thus ſhe o're the world doth trace;
With bright Sentinells beſet.

2.

Now the Magi from a farr
From the Eaſtern borders are
Lead by th' luſtre of a Starr,
To the place where Jeſus lay:
They, ſoon e're they him behold,
Preſent preſents manifold,
Myrrhe and frankincenſe, and gold,
And in praiſes ſpend the day.

3.

And it hapned thus, that near
Unto Bethlehem, there were
Faithfull Shepherds, who with care
Tended on their fleecy fold:
Leaſt that their flock-leading Rams,
And the pretty baing Lambs,
Should be whoried with their dams,
For the Foxes were too bold.

4.

Suddenly, a glorious light,
Chas'd away the purblinde night;
And from Heav'n an Angel bright
To the Shepheards did appear;
While their fleecy people graz'd,
At this prodigy they gaz'd,
And no little were amaz'd,
For their hearts did ſhake with fear.

5.

From the boſom of a cloud,
Heavens Herald did unſhroud,
This Embaſſy out aloud,
Fear no r ſhepheards; Lo thismorn,

The glad tidings which I bring,
Shall give you juſt cauſe to ſing,
For to you, to you, a King,
And a bleſſed Saviour's born.

6.

There, where princly *David* ſway'd
He which the worlds ground-work laid,
Born is of a Mother-Maid,
And involv'd in ſwad'ling clouts:
Ever after ſhall all nations,
In ſucceeding generations,
Fill the heav'ns with acclamations,
And the earth with joyfull ſhouts.

7.

He which is ineſtemable,
And to doe all things is able,
Is inclos'd within a ſtable,
Cradled in a ſilly manger:
Where the ſtalled Ox hath fed,
There your Saviour lays his head,
And a lock of ſtraw's his bed,
Go Swains, entertain the ſtrang

8.

When the Angel held his tongue,
An heav'nly Hoaſt of Angels ſung,
(That the valted Regions rung)
For they warb'led out moſt ſhrill,
This harmonious mellody:
Glory be to God on high,
Peace unto the earth be nigh,
And unto mankind good will.

9.

Praiſed be Gods holy name,
Let the world his praiſe proclaime,
Happy time, wherein we came
For to tend upon our fold:
We are now redeem'd from hell,
We that from our maker fell,
We, curs'd we, that did rebell,
Was there better news e're told.

10.

Pretious Balm from Gilead ſprings,
Unto us a Saviour brings,
Healing in his balmy wings;
Unto us a Son is given.

We will carol ſongs of praiſe,
Euchariſts, and Roud-delaies,
On her Ho-boies all our daies.
To the Emperour of heaven.

11.

What we with our ears have heard,
Hath unto our eyes appear'd,
And ſhall be abroad declar'd,
By our mouths. O bleſſed birth!
O! what God for us hath done,
He hath ſent his only Son,
By whoſe loſs we ſhall be won!
Here is cauſe indeed of mirth.

12.

Glory be to thee the Lord,
Who according to thy word,
Such rich mercy doſt afford,
As is treaſured up in Jeſus.
O how doth our joy abound,
May't in ev'ry corner ſound,
We are loſt, but ſhall be found,
We are pain'd, but Chriſt will eaſe us!

Soul

Soul.

A Saviour is born;
And is he born for me?
Me; what? for me forlorn?
O love beyond degree!

Chriſt.

Theſe ſides ſhall feel the ſpear;
Blood ſhall my ſides run down:
Soul, I the croſs will bear;
And thou ſhalt wear the crown.

Soul.

Though the dull earth aſpire,
And ſprightly flames deſcend:
Yet ſhall my heart my Lyre,
Praiſe thee without AN END

The four Ages of the World.

1 The Golden Age.

TIme was (and pitty that it flew away)
When peacefull *Saturn* did the Septer ſway
Of heaven and earth, there was no need of Laws,
Nor jangling Lawyers. to prorogue a cauſe;
The riggid Plough, earths bowels need not tear,
The earth untill'd ſpontaneouſly did bear
Fecundious witneſſes: no Lab'rours toil
Need dreſs the Vineyards, or manure the ſoile,
Plump *Baccus* to full bowls of ſparkling Nectar
Invites each paſſenger; fair *Flora* deck'd her
With her embroidred Robes, ſets open wide
Her flower-furniſhd ſhop; with painted pride
Makes every month to ſwell, her golden trammels
Hold each beholding eye, ſhe richly enamels
The ſmiling meads, *Zephyrus* ever calm
Bathes her in kiſſes of Arabian balm.
On lovely-check'd *Pomana*'s curled Treſſes,
Hang lovely ornaments; Bright *Ceres* dreſſes

The

he naked a'er with her locks, which ſhorn
ike *Hidra* ſprout againe; the ripned corn
ick up their golden ears, liſtning unto
oft wiſp'ring *Zephyrus* his language, who
enders his humble ſervice, and do:h ſtand
mbitious to defend them, and command
laſtings to come not neer; their thanks to ſhew
heir humble heads, the gratefull corn-feilds bow.
ll things were plenty: *Terminus* no bound
s yet aſſign'd, unto the common ground:
he world was but one field; each man content
njoy'd thoſe lauiſh gifts dame Nature ſent.
he yoke was ſtranger to the idle Bull:
he ſheep went cloathed in her naturall wooll.
he Taratant'ra Trump, nor rumbling Drum.
or Sword nor Helmite in the world was come.
Mars had no Sons, tway-faced *Janus* kept
is temple barr'd while ev'ry motion ſlept
n ſlumb'ring feather-beds of peace and quiet:
reen hearbs, and accorns was their cheifeſt dyet
ivers of Nectar flow'd in liquid gold,
yblean Honey-merchants were enroul'd.
'Twas alwaies ſpring, O what harmonious notes
he Birds did warble from their mus'call throates:
ocking the windes aſleep, their charming Song
ntic'd the ſilver ſtreams to dance along.

Men

Men rude and voyd of Arts no Cityes build,
Contented with such houses woods did yeild.
The hollow of the hands were cups at first,
Water was Nectar, to allay their thirst. &c.

2 The Silver Age.

Saturn b'ing banish'd his supposed throne,
(Seldom comes better when the old one's gon
Dayes Halcionian ceas'd, the Silver Age
With beardless *Jove*, came mounting on the stag
Jove did contract the pleasures of the Spring,
And the year into four Quarters bring.
Gray Winter shiv'ring comes, and sheets of Snow
Upon this universal Bed doth strow.
The waters are chain'd, Glaz'd are the silver floods
White Periwigs adorn the bald-pate woods.
Extreamity of weather now compells
Men to build houses, and procure them cells:
Thick shrubs and barks of Trees they joyn togeth
And make some brieto's against wind weather.
The earth displeas'd at this mutation, breeds
The downie Thistle, and such usless weeds.
No Wheat is reaped, nor no Barley mown,
But what by the industrious hand is sown.

The yoaked Oxen groane, the lab'ours brows
Rain ſweaty ſhowers down: the boyſt'rous ploughs
Becauſe until'd, earth would no longer bear
For very madneſs do her bowels tear.

3 The Brazen Age.

THe golden and the ſilver age is gone,
Next by ſucceſſion, comes a brazen one.
Man's nature now is grown more fierce, and cruel,
The fire of warr, is nouriſh'd by the fuell
Of quarelſome debate, and ſuch like crimes
As *Titan* ne're beheld. *Recidivous times!*

4 The Iron Age.

THe laſt, and worſt of all, the Iron Age,
Acts its laſt part; who with unbridled rage,
Sly fraud, hid witchery, hoſtile deceit,
Heart-gnawing envy, and peſtif'rous hate;
Claw-back detraction, clutch-fiſt Avarice,
Loathed Oppreſſion, and what ever vice
Can well be thought on; gather to a head,
And through the hoſpitable world doe ſpread.

Monu-

Monumentum Exequiale

OR

Lasting sorrow for the death of the Rev
rend, Pious, and Eminently-learned,
Mr *Tho Horn*, late School-master
of Eaton Colledg.

Oh I am drown'd in grief, a Borean blast [m
Hath torn my tackling, tumbled down
My Anchor's lost, my Cable is undone,
And I, poore I, upon the quick-sands run:
Could I command the gold in India shines,
Arabian Mountaines, and American Mines,
What e're b eaths from Panchaia's spicy woods,
What costly Gems enrich Idaspes floods:
All would I give to him that could impart
The least of ease to my corroded heart.
Stormes have their calmes, flowings their ebs, bu
Am the Charybdis of perplexity

Ah me! ah me! *Melpomene* lament
This common loſs, till all thy tears be ſpent.
Lock not thy thoughts in ſilence: cloath thy mind
In aiery garments: while the bluſt'ring wind
Of greif, doth agitate thy yeilding breaſt,
Oh how canſt thou expect a minuts reſt!
Groan thunder then: ſalute the deafned skies
With integrated ſobs: let thy ſwoln eyes
Be Iſlands, circled with a Sea of tears:
And in thy Readers hoſpitable ears
Lodge thy lamenting ſounds: that they may flow
As well as thee: and empty out their woe.
What ſtrange confuſed fragot's this proclaimes
That *Helicon's* diſturb'd? the Theſpian dames
Send to the groaning air, their hideous ſhreiks,
Contunde their breſts, and lacerate their cheeks
With Adamantine palms, like Beldams tear
Their Amber-locks, the Muſick that I heare
Are Bag-pipe ſighs and loud O ganick moanes
Mov'd by the weights of grief. ſee, ſee the ſtones
Ev'n melt away in tears: the Chappel's hung
In mourning veſtments: ev'ry eye and tougue
Rings, rings, elegious Sonnets out, the Pewes
Are drench'd in briny puddles. ah! what dewes
Fall from the glazed pictures. how the Leed
Doth ſeem to run abroad now he is dead!

Greif

Greif, Aqua-fortis like, corrodes the barrs,
And in his aſhes rakes up glitt'ring ſtars:
The earth is proud (O honorable thing!)
To wear ſo rich a jewel in her Ring,
And we, ſad we, his Pupils, run about
His Tombe, and weep untill our eyes be out:
Why weep we ſo? alas! our pearly tears
Can only deck his Herſe, not in his ears
Drop an enliv'ning power; let's then condole
Our folly in lamenting him, whoſe ſoul
Calcined ſoul, quitting this earth is flown
Into the boſom of the Trine in One:
Where we will leave him, ſtill to be poſſeſs'ſt
Of heav'nly glory, and eternal reſt.

Vivit poſt funera virtus.

His Epitaph:

Tender hearts bedew your eyes,
Here, beneath this Marble lies
One was ſpir'tually diſcerned,
Meek, wiſe, pious, vertuous, learned;
And whoſe underſtanding parts
Stor'd up all the lib'rall Arts.

He diſtilled wholſome truths,
On your hearts, Etonian youths;
Rouze your Muſes to his praiſe,
Never dying pillars raiſe.

Terra

Terra Pilæ ſimilis.

Memphis conticeat Pyramidum decus;
Chaldæi, ſileant et Babiloniæ;
Urbem collibus manibus inclytam;
Nec ſanum Triviæ tollat honoribus
Vulgus mirificis: non variabile
Manſolli tumulum Cares in aëre
Pendentem vacuo, nive ſuperbiant:
Sublimem ſtatuam mitis Apollinis
Laudabunt alii: jactitat et labor
Thebas centiſores: et Pharos inſula
Miratur: merito dignus honoribus
Rerum nonne opifex tergeminus Deus?
Cujus mirabili terra potentia
Perpinguis vacuo pendet in aere
Libratam remanens ponderibus ſuis?
Tellurem in ſpecicm conglomerat pilæ
Ne non ſideribus circuit aureis.

Vita Principis cenſura.

Principe plebs minor eſt, minor eſt ut numine
Principis illa ſubeſt legibus, ille Dei. [princeps
Saxa gravem Chalybem poſt ſe Borealia ducunt, †
Regis amat nutus æmula turba ſequi. (*Auſtrum*
Non magis agnus ovem ſequitur, levis arbutus
Nec magis à vitreis os ſimulatur aquis.
Rege hilari gaudet, flet ſi rorantur Ocelli,
Quod tulit, illa tulit, quod facit, illudagit.
Ejus deliciæ plebis ſunt ſola voluptas,
Arbitrio vulgus ſtatque caditque ſuo.

Tertullus Apolos.

Gratiæ dulces, lepidæque voces,
Sermo facundus, locupleſque vena,
Et lepos blandus domini beata
Munera celſi.
Suada, non caſtis animis inhærens
Clara, perſuaſit mala perpetrare,
Proſit aſt vera pietate Suada
Concatinata.

In Equum quendam ætate confumptum haud veloci pede promoventem Hexaſticon

Non ego ſum Trojanus equus, nec inutile lignum
Sed peſtis gradiens cum gravitate tumen:
Qui velit inſideat, liceat recreare; quid obſtat?
Nam bis millenis ictibus ire queam
Ipſe mihi dominoque ſalus, en! aſtra relucent
Sublatus: in gremio Marſpiter ipſe meo.

Engliſhed thus:

I am no Trojan Horſe, nor fruitleſs ſtock,
To tell the truth I'me a grave-walking block.
Any, that will, may ride me for their pleaſure,
Two thouſand ſtripes may make me go by leaſure:
I mind mine own, and Maſters health, lo! Stars
My ſides reflect: I brood the God of warrs.

Or thus

I am no Art-made Horſe, nor wood that's waſte
But a ſtaid foot-pace, making no great haſt.
For recreation ſake thou mayeſt (why not?)
Com ride me: blowes enough may make me trot
Well fare my ſelf, and rider, in theſe ſides
Starrs ſhine: Oh! in my lap Gradivus hides.

Inan

Inanis jactatio per hypotypoſin.

Bacchus ad arma vocat ſocios; ſic unus et alter
Obſtrepit illius (reboant cellaria) potu:
Nos erimus bello fortes, pia turba ſororum
Tartareis oritura locis, crinita Megara
Invida Tiſyphone, nec non inſignis Alecto
(Crinibus in nodum contortis more Sycambri)
Ignibus accenſis adſunt ſonuere flagello.
Ibimus illaſi, metuenda per agmina fortes
Contra pugnaces animos conjungere dextras,
Num metuent? manibus pedibuſq; conabimur om- [nes
Debellare hoſtes, noſtris adverſa poteſtas
Viribus inferior, quàm deſpicabilis illa eſt!
Flenda cruorifluis lacerari terga flagellis
Vidimus, en! humeróſque premi ſub pondere laſſos
Tamburlanus ego video mihi, tùque tricorpor
Geryon, ſimulachra Jovis, Soliſque coloſſus
Poſtica Equus Caci pars antica vir fuit ecce
Eſt lupus in fabula, tuque es Antæus arena,
Tu lapides Turnus jacias, tu Monychus Ornos
Hic Brontes Steropéſque ſimul nuduſque Pyrach- [mon
Fulmina diſcutiant contortuplicantia bombis
Telum, clava tridens inſignia framea thyrſis
Sint Jovis Alcidis, Neptuni, Martis, Iacchi.

Talia præteria et dimittit fulgura pelvis,
Adjuvet ignovomis flamis nos Ætna chimera;
Vesbius et Lipare strigens, Pelea Crinon & Alpi
Suppeditant niveas pilas sic Sisyphus ingens
Increpat, et Stentor furibundo litigat ore,
Nec mora pugnator Corribantes araque pulsant
Dumque tube resonant victoria nulla potita est.

Querimonia de Solario.

Absconde Titan purpureæ facis
Flaminas et obfusca nitidum jubar,
Solarium hand luce fruatur,
Abbrevians celeriaque lusus.

Non pullulabant tot nova guttura
Lerne Chelidro, quot mala protulit
Solariü hujus manchinator
Fallere tempora non sinentis

Non visceribus Colchis inhospita
Tum triste tulit virus in abditis:
Horæ advocant duri fugaces
Innocuos pueros libellis.

Eben

Eheu! rapaces (phro lachrimabile!)
Labuntur horæ, Bosphoreos sinus.
Mercater horrescit Charibdim
Cyaneas trabe Scyllam et atram.

Vnipem dolosam mittis ovis fugit
Caute eo tumbe morsibus anguium
Servantur, inprovisa at hora
Iapeti genus omne fallit.

Talia prateria et dimittit fulgura pelvis,
Adjuvet ignovomis flamis nos Ætna chimera;
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Humilitas Triumphans,

Seu

de Regina Suecorum, coronam ſibi abroganti

Virtus munditiis culta ſuis nitit
Excellens, Pario eſt marmore purior:
Hæc eſt ad ſuperos ſtrata roſis via:
Felix qui potuit dulcia temnere
Contentus minimis lucra divitiis.
Thebanum Hiſtoriæ laudibus evehunt
Cratem, qui liquidum proiecit in mare
Numorum cumulum non minimum ſequi
Anfractus Sophiæ, ſtraque Palladis.
Quis non Phocionem tollit honoribus
Claris eximium, munera Perſica
Peleo à juvene allataque ſpreverat?
Agros Democritus deſeruit ſuos
Dives, fecit eos publica paſcua:
Expers muneribus Scipio publicis
Privatim uſque diem vixit ad ultimum.
Horum perſpicua eſt in pietas virum!
At multo his ſuperat fœmina nobilis,
Regina indomita, et Gloria, Laus, Honor
Suecorum; capiti depoſuit ſuo
Iunctos Laureoles, & Diadæmata

Dat

Dat consanguineo: non juvat aureis
Ostantare snum stemma palatiis,
Gaudet nec animos stringere in hostiças
Junctis in cuneos Quadrupedantibus
Turmas et valido milite consequi
Victorum innumeris nomina mortibus:
Nec calcat variis classibus aquora.
Non vestis Tyrio murice tingitur
Auri nec poculis, vinaque Lesbia
Scintillant: cumulos despicit aureos.
Contenta hæc propriis usibus aggerat
Quantum sufficiat copiarumque opum.

In Hortos.

Laudabunt alij Lucani, et Adonidis hortos,
Alcinoi, fulvos Hesperidumque trium.
Sunt quibus, unum opus est patulis radiantia ramis
Aurea carminibus poma sonare suis.
Oxoniæ omnigenis herbis at nobilis hortus
Nos juvat, Hippocriti Pharmaca cuncta ferus
Aspice plantam humilem pudibunda dat oscula ter
Contrahit et ramos tactilis herba suos. (ra
Hic viridi recubare queas sub tegmine buxi,
Fessaque floriferis sternere membera toris.
Clara viri ingenui Waddhamia mania et hortis
Archimedeum cui cedit ingenium.

Parte tripartitus pelvis m dia effluit amnis
Virginis en niveæ pro uit unda genas.
Pictaque festivos tellus expirat odores,
Et florum partu visicolore tumet.
Æolus insequitur ventos, hic orbe resedent
Vertibili, glauco veste recinctus erat.

Eucharasticon, in pluviam post solennes preces feliciter donatam. *Anno* 1653.

IAm scelus Angliacum pulsaverat ostia cœli
Horrentes strepitus imbibit aure Deus:
Nec mora, non parvas dignas Jove coneipit iras
Dent ait hi pœnas quas meruere pati.
Sol calet et subito viridantia pascua flavos
Induerant vultus, et decus omne fugit.
Mœsta Ceres imbres sitibundo gutture flagra
Nullaque cœlesti rore madescit humus
Anglica gens, liquido lachrimarum fonte resedit
Abluat ut sordes voce rogatque Deum.
Tum Deus annuerat, reserat cava viscera nubis
Telluris siccas proluit unda genas.
Quæ nova jam rerum facies? lætantur agelli,
Gaudet et effuso Nectare terra madens.

Læta

Lætantur pecudes, et onusti floribus horti
Purpureis rident; ridet et alma Ceres.
Largius en! niveæ tondent nova gramina vaccæ
Et referunt mulctris ubera tenta suis.
Lucifer Eoâ fulget lætissimus arce,
Et Veneris sparso purpurat igne genas.
Dulcis odoratæ Zephyrus dat basia Floræ,
Et tremulos ramulos mitior aura quatit.
Nocte sub humenti Nymphæ, Satirique bicornes
Exercent agiles læta per arva choros:
Tempora sutilibus gaudent redimire corollis,
Lampsacio carpunt Lilia grata Deo.
Aspice lætitijs lætentur ut omnia miris
Festivos ducat læta Thalia sonos.
Nostter Io Pæan, sint carmina sancta canamus
Gloria in excelsis pax sit, et alma solo.
Imbremque pluviamque polo deducis ab alto,
Nostraque muneribus vota minora tuis.

De

De Arietis ante Electionem Etonenſem (pro more) venatione.

ARgolici juvenes Colchi frigentis ab oris
Auratum vellus ſurripuiſſe ferunt.
Ecce ſchole teneri nos Etonenſis alumni,
Corniger herbiferis vir gregis adſtat agris;
Currite vos juvenis, madefactos ſanguine fuſtes
Portate invicti, vellieris uſus eat.
Caſta Diana juvet, ſi non ſuperare poteſtis
Vos nemorum Dive, vos Driadumque chori.
Quid fugis? ah demens fruſtra vitare laboras
Lethiferum vulnas, mors properata venit.
Turba juvenilis coeunt, mortemque minantur,
Captus non humili vindice caſus eris.
Succumbens aries non uno eſt verbere victus
Herculeis ictus fuſtibus ecce cadit.
Corpus panicea ſandapila jam coquus abdat
Convivi vivis condite Sarcophagis.

Queri

Quærimonia Etonenſium de ſpe fere fruſtraneâ.

Suggere mœrorem ludi Etonenſis Alumnis
Melpomine triſtes triſtia verba decent.
Quiſque ſuos caſus lachrymarum gurgite plangat,
Induat atratam noſtra Thalia togam
Solvimur in rivulos, mœſti rorantur Oeelli
Flumine ſuſpiriis pectora noſtra tument?
Cura facit canos nos (heu!) juvenilibus annis,
Collapſis macies errat ubique genis.
Navita contrariis ventis et fluctibus actus,
Tandem exoptatam puppe retinget humum.
Cogimur (heu!) longum duros ſufferre labores,
Atque evadendi copia nulla datur.
Si cauſam rogites, Regina pecunia deſit
Nobis, O ſolum pondera pondus habent!
Olim ſi terras mœrens Aſtræa reliquit
Certus ſum noſtro non reditura ſolo.
Nummatis juvenes Academica dona beatunt
Cum nihil atulerit nudus amicus eat
Durum ſi ſaliat læva de parte mamiliæ
Nil ſaliat, ſatis eſt, crimina pauper habet.
Saxa trahunt poſt terga ſequens Magnetica ferum
Capreoli ſanguis durum Adamanta domat.
O utinam traherent regalia tecta potenti
Nos dextra, et ſocii mollia corda ferant!

An

An Acroſtick Elegy upon th death of the late Reverend, and Famons Divine,

Mr.

I *s he then dead ? ho* V *v ſoon pay t he his d* E *bt ?*
O *h were it not (I f God ſaw good)* A *s yet*
S *urely this ſa* —— C *red man, is gone to* T *ake*
E *ternity by th' hand; h* E *means t* ———— O *ma*
P *erp tual hap* —— P *ineſs his Couch, o* N *wh*
H *e may ſecu* —— R *ely lye, in glory ri* C *h.*
S *ound were his w* O *rds, his life & converſati* O *n*
Y *eilded a fragrant f* V *me ; his contemp* L *ati*
M *oſt heav'nly was ; O n earth (unpara* L *el'd*
O *thers in gift* —— S *and graces he exc* E *ll'd*
N *ow grieving for* T *his loſs, poor* Eton D *yes*
D *iſcharging volleys* O *f ſad Ele* ——— G *ies*
S *aies ſhe , alas !* F *or me he ſpent his br* E *ath*
He dies, yet lives ; Virtue ſurviveth death,

In obitum Dom.

THO: WEAVER:

M. A. Etonenſis Coll. Socij:

Acroſtico-Epicedium.

er tres Pierides Tex T oris funera flerunt T
oc facimus pueri, C H orus õis clamitat, ah, a H
mnes deflemus n——O ſtro Textore perempt O
le miſerũ miſerumq; Chorum M! dum flemus ademptu M
etionæ ſocium, p——A tremq; gemente querel A
ingultu potius, quã ver S us edimus apto——S

ſicta jacet gravitas V veaveri condita vult V
incitur a fatis virt V s (miſerabile dict V
cce jacet, ſimul ecc E jacet gens muſica Muſa E
lliciunt cantus, cal A moſq; dolente Minerv A
ixit ut Hippolit——V s cælebs, ſine conjugis uſ V
xtinctos cineres,——E n! Divæ templa Minerva E
eſpiciunt, animus pe R cæli ſidera ferta——R

On

On Ambition.

AMbition is a Gyant, which aſpires
No higher then the heavens; it deſires
Reach at priority, ſhe ſcorns to be
O'retop'd, nay more, ſhe will not, no not ſhe:
Honor 's her aime, 'tis honor is the thing
That mounts her thoughts imp'd to an Eagles wi
She climbs on Pelion, if that will not doe,
On Pelion's back, ſhe'll through mount Oſſa too
Why not? ſayes ſhe, why may not I inherit
What others have, ſince my tranſcending merrit
Eclipſes theirs? what e're it coſt me, I
By right, or wrong, will get priority.
I am no mungrel brat, but freely born
To no mean fortunes, ſlavery I ſcorn:
Be he a King, or whatſoe're he be
I have as much right to be rich as he.
I'le rout out all the black-coats, if I can,
The greateſt Clerk is not the wiſeſt man:
Of ſuch new light my ſpirit hath diſcerning,
As they cannot attaine for all their learning.
My fingers itch to pull the Clergy down,
And ſtrike the Sarrs with my advanced crown.

wiſe forecaſt! but what if men doe wonder
youg deſignes? know there's a God of thunder,
n cruſh your Giant-like aſſaults; his power
eakens the proud; remember Babels Tower.
nbious *Phaeton* his fond deſire
in'd himſelfe, and ſet the world on fire.
arus flyes, but *Icarus* his wings
e cing'd, and cold, and head-long ruin brings.
piring *Pharo* periſhed through pride.
d *Belliſarius* beg'd before he dy'd.
abuſadnezar ſtriving to be full
f honor is become a belowing Bull.
Vhile the Philoſopher his eyes did pitch
to the Starrs, he fell into a dich.
Iaudius would be a God, yet doth he dread
he voyce of thunder underneath his bed,
range kind of Diety! his head he hides,
anting *Soſoſtrates* in's Chariot rides,
rawn by thoſe Kings he to ſubjection brought.
highly of himſelf King *Hero* thought,
would be brother to the Sun and King
f Kings: proud *Sappho* learn'd the Birds to ſing,
he great god *Sappho* for to rule alone
onſtantine drave his mother from her throne.
ave blades! but what, ſave Monuments of ſhame,
ft they behind? our Levellers which claim

An

An intereſt in other mens eſtates.
Shall, notwithſtanding their projecting pates,
Be cruſhed in the ſhell; and their intruſion
Upon themſelves, not others bring confuſion:
And though at goverment they lowdly baul,
Both civil, and Eccleſiaſticall;
Blow Pauls down at a breath they may as ſoon
As work their overthrough: Dogs at the Moon
May bark, but cannot bite; The curſteſt Cow
Hath ſhorteſt horns; Their ſtouter hearts ſhall bo
Our upſtart Zealots, and aſpiring Elves,
Striking at learning, ſhall ſtrike down themſelves

Euch

EVCharIstICon,
In PsaLMos IessaI natI sVaVIsonos, FranCIsCo
RoVs Generoso (Etonæ PræsVLe) Paraphraste
nVper eXCVsos. A°

MCCCCCLLXVVVVVVVIIIIIIII.

1653

En I nova prela ferunt cultu limata Britanna
Carmina fatidici nobile Regis opus.
Dulcis Apollineas Spiras Francisce Camenas
Succingat niveas Laurea serta comas.
*" Sacro σ'υ finis cursu, Philomela Poema;
Finibus Angliacis sit sine fine sonus.

* Ana { Franciscus Rousius, / Sacro σ'υ finis cursu. } gramma.

Ὥσπὲρ ἐνὶ καρύῳ κεῖτ' Ιλιὰς ἔργον Ὁμήρου
Ἔργον Δαβίδου Ρῦσγε ῥέει κρανίῳ.
Τοῦνομα ΦΡΑΓΚΙΣΚΟΣ ῬΟΥΣ ἐς, καὶ ΦΡΑΣ
ῬΟΟΣ ἸΣΧΥΝ
Σοῦτε νόει; ὤδαις Μοῦσα βίᾳ κρατέει:
Ἀλλὰ τι εἶπ, ὑμῶν οὐκ ἂν μυθήσομαι αἴνους,
Εἰ ῥοίη γλώσσας Μοῖ δέκα ζεύς γε πατὴρ.

Anna { FRANCIS ROVSE, / RISE CAR OF SVN. } *gramm*

RISE CAR OF SVN *convey thy purer light*
Into our ſouls, ſo ſhall they know no Night.

IS *Neſtor* then reviv'd? was ever Realm
So bleſt as this, had ever any Helme
So wiſe a Steersman? doſt thou ask what Bee
Drew Honey from the Fathers? this is he.
Here's *David*'s ſpirit iuſt, each Pſalme, each line
Seemes no Tranſlation, but genuine.
My ſoul take this *Sybilla*'s golden branch
To clear thy way ſo ſhalt thou ſafely lanch
Through troublous Seas. Grave Sir (in whoſe ra
The Sept'agint reſides) when you refin'd [min
The droſſie Engliſh Pſalms, upon your tongue
The Angels ſacred Lutes and Vials hung.
I ſee a Phenix; whenſoe're I look
Vpon your rare ineſteemeable book;
If mercy by a golden chaine e're drew
His hearers by the ears, w'are drawn by you.
Your Colledg-crowning gifts, content us more
Then richeſt Jewels on the Indian ſhore.

W

Will the Majeſtick Eagle ſtoop ſo low
As look upon poor ſily flyes? although
The Eagle will not, yet you ſhine upon us.
Beſtowing Hony-droping favours on us.
Your flouds, we ſee doe overflow the banks
Of our deſerts, and can we ebb in thanks?
Scarce Atlas back is big enough to bear
Your goodneſs firmament: ſupoſe there were
No Sun to gild our Hemiſpher, wee quite
Should not be blind, thy pſalm-book is our light.
Why gild I gold? The more I doe endeavour
T'aproach your worth, I'me further of then ever.
Go on bleſt Sir, your Honorable name
Shall alwaies ſtretch, the vocal cheeks of fame.

FINIS.

A CENTURIE OF HISTORICAL APPLICATIONS,

With a Taste of
Poetical Fictions:

Being the fruits of some spare Hours.

BY
N. B. E. C. A.

LONDON.
Printed for *Robert Crofts*, and are to be sold at his Shop at the *Crown* in *Chancery Lane*, under *Sergeants Inne*, 1658.

MI - 1993

To his Honored Uncle, Mr Iohn Wooton *one of the Commissioners for the County of Hereford.*

SIR,

Benefits bestowed oblige the receiver, thanks returned engage the giver: by the first I am made hopeless of requital: by the second you will be the more encouraged to continue your benevolence. To suppress the rememberance of favours is impious, *Ingratum dixeris, omnia dixeris*; & to express them as I should is more then I can doe, and I know is more then you expect. Indeede though words (as it is in the Proverbe) will butter no Parsnips, yet I confess a verbal acknowledgment is somthing, and a partiall satisfaction better then none at all. This hath encouraged me to send you (as a test of my real thankfulness) these unfledgd

unfledgd birds; hatched (to say thê truth in the dark, and brought to light when could see none (scalding Rheums and Di stilations for a great while togeather over clouding mine eye-sight) which may ren der their blemishes, wants, and imperfecti ons, a little the more pardonable and ex cusable, with the judicious; such a one I as sure my self you are, and therefore my humble Muse falling flat at the feet o your clemency, craves so much favour a your hands, that you would please to ho nor this tender Fry of hers, so far as to brood them under the wings of your pro tection; she bringing you them as a sma present from, Sir,

Aug. 12. 1657.

Your dutiful and most obliged kinsman

NIC. BILLINGSLY.

TO

To the Reader.

eader,

Whoever thou art, I here preſent thee with a Gallimawfery, a Moretum, a Hodge-podge, a Compound of many Simples; how well it will reliſh with thy pallate I cannot tell: if thou likeſt it well and good, if not, here is I hope no harme done: I have no more to ſay to thee, only this; I bid thee farewel, reſolving to remaine

Thine, as thou

deſerveſt.

N.B.

Hiſtoricall Applications,

1.

'is pretty ſport to ſee the Cobtines ſtride
Vpon a Hobby-horſes back, and ride.
ſipid Ideots! O prepoſtrous deeds!
eeds doe not carry them, they carry Steeds.
aſures are Reeds, which yeild us infant play;
ader, we ride on Reeds as well as they.

2.

e Alc'ran ſayes, (which who will may beleeve)
e Moon deſcended into *Mahomet*'s ſleeve:
s ſtrange! yet God doth his loves lamp impart
more coarcted room, what's that? the heart.
may the luſtre of thoſe rayes divine
lwaies ſparkling in this heart of mine!
at I, inlightned by thy light may ſee,
eat God! more clearly to diſcover thee.

3:

e Tibaren's affix unto the Croſs
oſe they love beſt; triumphing in their loſs.

But

But we to part with darling sins are sorry:
Though we may gaine thereby a crown of glory.

4.

Th' Arabians instead of worser wood
Feed Corm'rant Vulcans jawes with fragrant spic
But ah! we chuse what's bad, refuse what's good,
Offend the Lord of life with loathsome vices.
My soul when zeal to kindle prayer begins,
Cast out the filthy rubish of thy sins.

5:

Chimerians think there is no Sun,
Because it is debar'd their sight:
The dark'ned soul doth groping run,
If God absent his glorious light,
Lord turne, with thy corruscant rayes,
My darksom nights to lightsome dayes.

6.

At the Cape of good hope the rib-made Sex
With chaines of greasie tripes adorne their necks.
Ev'n so those sins which in our eyes seem faire,
In Gods, which are most pure, deformed are.
What God abhors that mostly doth arride us.
Disgrace we grace, and in our shame we pride us.

7.

Amongst the Series (O had we less store)
Is neither Theif, nor Murtherer, nor Whore.

8.

If glass-wall'd Baumgar be a Court for Cats,
Small entertainment's there for Mice, or Rats,
Those noted theeves; 'tis dang'rous for a Mouse
To seek for shelter in a Mouzer's house.
Forewarn'd (they say) fore-arm'd, if that I were
A Mouse, I'le warrant you I'de ne're come there.

9.

Pheniceans slay their only sons t'asswage
And mitigate their angry Demon's rage;
They their Dirceto's do fall down before.
Such love Gods well who senseless ones adore.

10.

The Peguſi, to stave off further evill,
Throw meat behind their backs to feed the Divel
And think such puppy-dogs as come and eat
Are the Devil's Caterers to bring him meat,
Lord! when I offer up to thee my prayers,
Let me behind my back cast *mundane* cares

Fill

Fill thou my soul with grace, and on mine ill
The Devil may feed and surfeit if he will.

11.

Vulcan they say is lame, and reason good;
For fire cannot go forward without wood.

12.

The Turks rewards to their tormentors bring,
Esteem the whip, O 'tis a pious thing.
Lord when thou scourgest let not me repine;
But kiss the Rod, because the Rod is thine.
Give me to know that my offences urge,
That so with patience I may bear thy scorge:
And if thou please to stroke, or please to strike,
O may I love both equaly alike.

13.

In Turky the Adulterers head is dresst
With the full paunch of a new slaught'red beast;
And so, in pomp, is carried up and down,
Through the throng'd streets of the admiring town.
As wholsome laws with us are instituted,
But ah! so strictly are not executed.
Why mayn't an *A* for the Adulterers land,
Be a front-mark, as well as *B* for Baud?

Would

Would all our Letchers, and each light-skirt Trull
Were ship'd for Turkey, or the great Mogull.
Or else wayes vsed heer their lusts to tame
So as to make them be asham'd of shame.

14.

Men-eating Lestrigons all men will blame
But ah! Oppressors do the very same:
They grind the faces of the poor, and put
In bags the chinck squeez'd from the hungry gut:
They rob the Spittle, lab'ring most of all
To raise themselves by their untimely fall.
But let such know goods so unjustly got
Shall prove a curse, and in their purse shall rot.

15.

Midas his wish obtaines, his touch behold
A fruitfull Alchimy turne all to gold.
In tract of time that man may have, which bears
Midas his wealth, *Midas* his *Asles* ears.
How fond are our desires! we wish t'enjoy
The things which do within a moment cloy.
Rash *Midas* wish'd, but *Midas* did not think
T'except from Generals his meat and drinke.
Midas may say experiencedly,
More hard to fill the belly then the eye.

Gold

Gold buyeth all things, but were all things gold,
Food would be wanting, and our comfort cold.
Art thou a muck-worme? go take *Midas* ſtore;
Midas was but an Aſs and thou no more.

16.

Leaſt they pollute pure water in Bateniter,
To waſh their hands the people wont t'adventure
Lord I am worſe then they; my ſoul forbears
To purge her foulneſs with repentant tears.

17.

The wound-reſtoring Balm is ſaid to grow
Within the fruitfull vale of Jericho:
Nor will it ſet its foot on ev'ry ground:
Ev'n ſo in ev'ry heart grace is not found.
That Balm for ſin-ſick ſouls, the Lord doth plant
In humble vales, when lofty Mountaines want it.
Lord plant thy grace in my hearts bord'red ally
To bear ſuch fruits make me a lowly vally:
Let Gileads Balm my ſin-ſick ſoul recover,
And over me thy Balmy pinions hover:
The grace of true repentance pour thou in
Into my ſoul, and that will eat out ſin.

18.

The mouth-less Attomes by the aier doe live,
And scent of odors; Lord be pleas'd to give
Thy quickning spirit and loves fragrance,
Unto my soul that I may live to thee.

19.

Best in the night the Owl-ey'd Albans see;
And in the day of grace how blind are we!

20.

Our love to God is cold and hot by turns,
Now cole as Alps, anon like Etna burns.

21.

A wonder Epimenides hath bin
To many, who have longer slept in sin.

22.

Cyrus knew, by their names, his Souldiers all;
To mind his owne, *Corvinus* could not call;
Thy names in all thine attributes make known,
To me, dear Lord, though I forget mine owne.

23.

Dice, Balls, and Chess, first to the Lidians came in;
Occasion'd by a body-pining famine:
Th'Inhabitants finding no other way
Lay open to redress, did fall to play
Their empty bellys to beguil; for easing
Our saturated bodies, games are pleasing.

24.

None, can in all felicity abound,
Vntoothsom Clerus is in hony found.

25.

Th' Esseni, neither lust nor money know,
I'me sure, with us, theres none can say, tis so.
Heathens are chast, content where are you come,
You'l find it otherwise in Christendome.

26.

The Persians affect a temp'rate Diet,
Hate what the Parthians love, excess, and Ryot
Though bodies meanly fare, let the full bowls.
Of thy Nectarean word fill full our soules.

27.

In Turky, fools, and Lunaticks are deemd
The onely saints and who so much esteemed?
And here in England, som account for holy.
Fanatick Quakers, and the sons of Folly:

28.

The Barb'rous Issedon's, their dead deve'ur
Their drinking bouls are skulls all gilded o're.
So are our natures most inclind unto.
The things which left thay should delight to do.

29.

Clos sinners, their offences cloke with night.
And like the Blattæ hate the tell-tale Light.

30.

Gods favoure shins on us but we ('tis pitty)
Are like the blind-eyd Chalcedonian citty.
We take no notice, what our God hath done,
But shut our eyes, and say there is no Sun.

31.

An Ape resembles man, some men and Apes
In gesture are alike as well as shapes.

Nay our Pragmaticks many a taſk do ſet,
Unfollowd by the buſy marmoſet.

32.

Chriſt is our Eſculapius, when to ſin.
We liveleſs are he quickens us agin.

33.

Lord grant this boon(what e're thou elſe denyſt)
I may have faith to build my ſelf in Chriſt.
So ſhall the lofty ſtructrues I ſhall raiſe
Get more then Cteſiphon or Philon's, Praiſe.
Dianas fane, and Athens Arſenall.
Are ſlep'd in ruin, mine ſhall never fall.

34.

Chriſt's the true Atlas, his vnſhrinking ſhoulders
Are our offences Firmaments vpholders.

35

Sweet Jeſus land me at the banks of Sion.
Be thou my Dolphin I will be Arion,
To ſound thy praiſes on my warbling Lyer
In emulation of that heavenly Quire.
And Caroll ſonnets, ſonnets at whoſe ſound
The Hills may eccho, and the Dales rebound.

36.

Gainſt Satans grand aſſaults, Lord make my breſt
Impenetrable as the Halcyons neſt.
And when the Arrows of Temptation fly.
Againſt me, Oh! be pleas'd to put them by;
O may it not be ſaid his fi'ry dart
Hath got the better of my yeilding heart,
When he mallitiouſly takes aim to throw
His venom'd ſhafts from his lewd ſownding Bow;
Ah me! O may they (falling on the ground)
Make no Impreſſion, nor no ragged wound.

37.

Not long before great *Julius Ceſar's* death,
A ſheep (having no heart) was found drew breath.
But Hipocrites, and thoſe that flatter do,
Have, like the Pamphlagonian Partridg, two.

38.

We wiſely can avoyd Boſphorean ſhelvs.
While on the Rocks of ſin we ſplit our ſelves.

39.

Lord grant that I a *Dedalus* may be,
To build a ſtately edifice to thee:

The height of my Ambition is to frame
Within my heart a mon'ment of thy name.

40.

Like the Saguntian Child from th' earth we come
And shall return into our mothers womb.
Our fleshly walls, and bony Timber must
Turn out their Tenant, then return to dust
Our breath is Gods, if he but take away
The breath he lent us what are we but clay?
Clay at the best, our matter and their forms
When dead, are thorough fares for crawling worms

41

What was't a clock, *Pompilius* would know,
And dyes, with me why may it not be so?
Before thy grim-fac'd messeger thou send,
O make me wise to know my latter end.
Death stays for none, may I be ready still
Prepared, and then come he when he will.

42.

With peysnous sins, let us not haste our fate,
Last we, Domitius-like, repent too late.

43

43.

Many have dy'd with grief, but over joy
Did *Sophocles* and *Panacrete* destroy.
Dangers enwrapd in every sudden passion;
It often puts the sense out of fashion
Then moderate thy joy, and when grief wounds
Thy soul, beware to limit it with bounds.
Observe a mean, and let thy footsteps be
In the mid-road, avoyd *Obliquitie*.

44.

Iove's bird to th'Wren will not be reconcil'd,
Because he's Regulus, a Kingling stild:
Let Soveraignty be kep'd, then that's no odds,
There must be no pluralitie of Gods.
Our God comands it so, nay jealous he
Will have no rivalls, to the fourth degree
He'le soundly punish, the successive race
Of Polytheists who bow to Idolls base:
But as for thousands, that observe his ways,
Mercy shall them encompass all their days.

45.

All the day long *Gymnosophists* will stand
(Admired patience!) in the scalding Sand.

On their alternate legs, and glare upon
With eys, vnapt to wink, the scorching Sun.
O Sun of God teach us t'apply this story,
And make vs constant to behold thy glory.

46.

Lord tune my heart turn griefs to songs of praise
And troublous Nights to Halcyonian dayes.

47.

If thou my sins Shouldst number by my hair
Lord make my head (like the *Myconian's*) bare.

48.

The swallowing down an hair? how poor a thing
And yet to prove an instrument to bring.
Death to the Roman Fabius. may not wee,
Depart as soon, who are as frail as he?
Dangers Vnseen for oftentimes do skip.
Betwixt the sparkling cup, and vpper lip.

49.

Lord grant that as the Heliotrop Apollo.
My heart the Sun of righteousnes may follow.

50.

Lord raise up holy fear in me to flee
From sin as creatures do the Linden-tree.

51.

The Heathen Brachmens do contemn and scorn
The fear of death, with hopes to be reborn.
Small is that Christians faith who dreads to dye,
When life is promis'd; and eternity!
Happy that soul which dyeth unto sin,
And unto righteousnes is born agin.
This death's a pregnant wombe, regeneration
First-born to life, and heir unto salvation.
Death is the Turn-key, for to let thee in
The gate of life if thou be dead to sin.
So live to dye, that thou maiest dye to live;
And wear the crown God shall the faithfull give.

52.

God angles, Souls unwilling to be took,
Glanis like, bite the bait, leave bare the hook.

53.

The Chronois dreaming that they shall be born
To heav'n up by their locks, will not be shorn:
Is hea'vens hand short'ned? can th'almighty save not
If he your length'ned hair to hold by have not?
Rebellious *Abs'lom* wore the like, yet he
Was not caught up to heaven, but to a Tree.

Although

Although vpon the ground you traile your hair
Heav'ns high; short may you come, of coming there
God cant' a Glorious throne advance thy soul
Although th' hast not an hair upon thy poul
If to the eyes of God my heart seem faire,
What care I for such excrements as hair

54.

The Nabatheans so neglect their dead
That their Kings are in dunghils buried
Lord make me faithfull to the death, that I,
May weare a crown of life if that I dye;
To live to thee I would not wish to have
A fair inscription, on a gawdy grave
If so my soul unto her maker fly
It makes no matter where my body ly.

55.

At *Bemavis* sick people like to dy
All night, before an idle Idoll ly:
Fond people! think you that that senslesse stones
Can ease your sorrows, or regard your mones?
My soul, when sick, acquaint the grand physitan
Of heav'n and earth, with thy deplor'd condition
Beg hard for mercy at the thron of grace.
And he'le give audience, and and at length embrace

The

Thee in his circling arms. Oh who'd not crave
Vpon such easy terms, but ask and have
Nay, he is readier to give by farr.
Then thou to ask, Oh his indulgent care!
Ask but in faith, before thou shalt recive,
Thou canst not crave the thing he can not give
Fear not if God but undertake the cure,
Soon done, as said, of health thou shalt be sure
Can heav'n be false? hath he not promised rest
Unto the heavy laden, and oppreſt?
Mans help is vain, God is a Help indeed,
I wish no better help in time of need.

56.

The Hirpian witches, with uncindged soles
On mount Soracte walk on burning coals;
So those that in security excell,
Walk as it were amideſt the flames of hell

57.

Ther's difference in climes, December thunder
Is not to the Italian a wonder.
Lord when so'ere thy thundring judgments rattle,
About mine eares let me prepare t' embattle
Against my sins, not count thy voice a crime.
Nor sent in an unseasonable time.

58

The Marsian Bears do fashion out their young,
By licking them all over with their tongue,
And we with Bears in this one thing agree,
We put a gloss on our deformitie.

59.

Æschyl was killed by a Tortise-shell,
Which from the tallons of an Eagle fell;
His fate foretold, into the open sky'e
He gets; Gods judgments find us ev'ry where.

60.

I read man only laughs, and sheddeth tears,
And wanteth power alone to shake his ears:
But sure I am, when discontent is bred,
He needs must shake his ears that shakes his head.

61.

Dame Martia was her infants living Tombe,
When lightning killed it within her wombe
Before sins come into their birth 'twere well
If God would crush the Hydra in the shell.

62. Grea

62.

Great *Judah's* Lion is as mild to those
Who do submit, as furious to his foes.
Sampson, that knockt so many to the ground,
Within the carkase of a Lion found
Sweet combs of Honey: the tender Spouse doth see
In Christ, the fruits of the mellifluous Bee.
His love is very pleasing to her taste,
He, he alone is his deare-hearts repaste.
He is the Bee, the Honey, and the Hive,
To active souls; the Drones away must drive.

63.

If wisdome lies in beards, a Goate would be
Plato, full out as wise, as grave, as thee.

64.

Th' Antæi into woolves transformed were,
And Ants turn'd men, at Æacus his prayer.
If so, no marl they'r bloudily enclind,
And these laborious. Cat after kinde.

65.

Lampido was both daughter, wife, and mother,
Unto a King; Queen Anne was such another.

In

Is not the Church the daughter of the High'ſt?
Is not the Church the tender ſpouſe of Chriſt?
Is not the Church the Mother of us all?
None dare deny't, I hope nor never ſhall.
But are we kings? God and his Son I know
Are Kings, and greater ones to, the Kings below.
Are mean too them and but ſubordinate. [ſtate
But wher's our crown? we reign with Chriſt in
Thus then to God, to Chriſt to Saints (no other)
The Church a Daughter is, a wife, a mother.

66.

Kiſſing at firſt came in, that men might know
If their wives drank Temetum wine or no
To find her out, the jealous husband ſips
The reaking ſent from the good womans lips
Thus 'tis with us for ſiniſter intents
We vſe a cloake of courtly compliments

67.

Diomedean birds, have teeth to bite
Yet fawning looks, ſuch is a paraſite.
Friend me no friends, for if thou go bout
To bite at me would all thy teeth were out.

68. The

68.

The *Gynæo-cratumeni*, are borne
The Object of imperious womens scorne
Obeying husbands and comanding wiues
Both equally do lead vnnat'rall lives.
I doubt not but ther's many could afford
To wear the breeches would you say the word;
Wer't not for shame, Ile lay a brace of groats
More breeches would be worn, and fewer coats
Give shrowes the reines, if men will be such fools,
How purely will they scold, they need no schools,
To Learn them, or to traine them vp there to.
No that (God knows) they naturally can do
Their tongues run glib, and clutter out as thick
As any hops their divelish Rhetorick.
Such as will not believe this sex can prate
Go vex the Oyster wiues at Billing's-gate

69

No males belong unto the modest Chainy,
Some females are so Chast that they love many
They hate and love you in a trice, the while
They frown upon you in their hearts they smile
And when their tongues do bid you not come neer
You may conclude your presence then doth cheer

O how they love to work contrary still,
Thrust off, pull on, unwill the things they will;
Now hard, anon, as pliable as wax;
A faire Encomium for th'unconstant sex.

70.

Great men are multipli'd, but good men are
As is the Drephanis exceeding rare;
Were there as many men as good as great
Virtue would more advance, and vice retreat.

71.

The gegling of a goose, how poor a thing?
And yet so strange deliverance to bring
The Roman Capitol: oft great events
Are brought about by weakest instruments.
In *Sampson's* hand the Jaw-bone of an Ass
Did slaughter thousands; purp'ling o're the grass
The Rock yeilds water smot with *Moses* rod;
The smalest means prevails, if blest by God.

72.

The Shrimp only for food waits one the Nacre,
So we to serve our turnes do serve our maker.
How servile are we? we affection bear
To God not so much out of love as feare.

73. Like

73.

Like Quails, and Roe-bucks we love poyſon, that
Which moſt we ſhould avoyd doth make us fat.
Sin is a cut-throat, yet it is our will.
To count him friendlieſt, when he means to kill.

74.

I would not wiſh, ſo I be fair within,
For Chios earth to beautifie my skin.
While ceruſs'd faces unto ſin allure,
May my chaſt ſoul b'unſeperably pure:
I care not how the world eſteem of mee,
So I be lovely onely vnto thee,
Nothing can make me fine I muſt confeſs.
O Saviour but thy robes of righteouſneſs.

75.

Our hearts all vice, as Amphitane gold draws,
The Load-ſtone iron, as the Amber ſtrawes.

76.

A chillis-like god which inflicts the wound.
In juſtice, can in mercy make it ſound.
The law is as a lance to cut the bile,
The goſple pours in balme an healing oile.

O may that make me sensible of sin.
And this revive, when I to sink begin.

78.

I Tortoise-like, with neither Teeth nor Tonge.
Rather then haue them instruments of wrong.
Abusive language may I alwayes shun,
By their lewd bab'lings many are undone.
Silence is laudable; my judgment's such,
Better to have no tongue, then one too much.

79.

We like Laertes, and Augeas, Kings, (things.
Who dung'd their grounds, minde only earthly
We pore still downwards, and are groveling still
Below, like muke-wormes, ne're looke up the hill,
The pleasant Sion; let the things of heaven
Or sink, or swim, they're left at six and seaven.
May I, who Christianity profess,
Minde God and heaven more, and trifles less.

80.

To three M's the Philosopher assignes
Th'earths riches, Mettals, Minerals, and Mines.

81. Poor

81.

Poor *Cincinatus*, he which held the plough
So lately, is become dictator now.
Fortune on Peaſants ſometimes caſts renown,
Raiſes the humble, kicks the lofty down.
Joy is the conſequent of dull-brow'd ſorrow,
A ſubject now, may be a King to morrow.
The active ſpirits of our age do climbe
By gradual ſteps to dignities ſublime:
I ſpeak in rev'rence to his Highneſs, who
By Martial Valour hath attain'd unto
The pow'r now in his hands, whom God doth bleſs
With matchleſs and unparralel'd ſucceſs:
The Honorable title of a King,
How modeſtly refus'd he? under's wing
We are protected from the boyling rage
Of home-bred foes in this rebellious Age
Bleſſed be God, that under our own vine,
We have the liberty to ſup, and dine.

82.

Support my faith with thy confirming hand,
So ſhall it firme, like unmov'd Milo, ſtand.
If thou withdraw and leave me but an hour
Unto my ſelfe, how feeble is my power.

But by thy sinewy arme, great God upheld,
The day is mine, my foe-men needs must yeild.

83.

Christ's our Nepenthe, enemy to sadness
Dispersing sorrow; and reversing gladness.
Art thou, my soul, at any time cast down?
O think on him, and thou wilt smile, not frown;
Drink in, by faith, the Julips of his bloud,
Oh that's a Cordial, thou wilt say 'tis good,
O what can more refocilate the soul,
Then streaming merits in a lib'ral boul.

84.

The Prognean swallow, the cold country leaves,
Hasts to a warmer one: a false friend cleaves,
Fast in the Summer of prosperity:
Let adverse Winter come, then farewell he.

85.

God's word, like to Sybilla's golden branch
Can make us through all difficulties lance.
Soul take it with thee, when thou wouldst oppose
The storming fury of thy spiritual foes,
As sin, and death: nay it hath power to quell
The Divel, and drive him to the gates of hell.

86. On

86.

On the pure Elements, four things live ſole,
Chamelion, Herring, Salamander, Mole.
Tobacconiſts, Pot-Leaches, Lechers, Miſers,
Of Ayr, and Water, Fire, and Earth are prizers.
The firſt makes the Tobacco pipe his dugg,
And ſucks the ſmoak of the burnt Indian drugg.
The ſecond, he, for his part, cannot live
Without full flaggons: And the third doth grieve
If any ſtep between and ſtop the flame
Of his luſt towards an alluring Dame;
Whores are his hackneys, he is alwaies dull,
But when he's ſporting with his pamp'red Trull.
As for the fourth, the Miſer to be ſure,
Were't not for gold he could not long endure.
So then this one, and that another likes;
Wedded to that their own opinion ſtrikes.

87.

The Indian women, in a fooliſh ſpite,
Will black their teeth becauſe that dogs be white:
As for the ſparkiſh gallants of our Nation,
They're French-mens Apes in each fantaſtik faſhion.

88.

Wouldst thou repair thy memory? I think (drink.
Thou may'st, if thou'lt look Mneme fount, then

89.

Zisca commands his skin be made a drum,
That the Bohemians still might overcome.
Who, while he lives, is over sin victorious,
After his death he shall not be in-glorious.

90.

Malice inflicts on men more dang'rous wounds
Then Porc'pines quills on the pursuing hounds.
How sedulous are some to purchase woe
For other men, what will not malice doe?

91.

The ebbs and flows of, Egipts plowman, Nile,
Do make a barren, or a fruitfull soile:
Grace is this river, and the more it flows
The more good fruit; if less, the lesser grows.

92.

Panthers have crabbed looks, though speckled skins
And faireſt out-sides joyne to fowleſt sins.

93. Anax

93.

Anaxarete, whilſt on the Rack he hung,
Did in the Tyrants face ſpit out his tongue.
To have no tongue it is the leſſer evill,
Then to recant by't, and ſo pleaſe the Divel.

94.

Soul, though the flames ſhould for a while ſubdue [thee
Like the Pyrrhean grove, God can renew thee.

95.

Left I be like the Hirecinyan wood,
Lord lop my ſins, and in the roome graft good.
Since the Creation that was never lop'd,
Till renovation we do ſtand untop'd.
Lord if thou hew us, hew us not in ire,
Nor make us bundles for eternal fire
To feed upon: our names are in thy rouls,
And wilt thou caſt out our immortal ſouls.

96.

Taprobans, (not reſpecting perſons) fling
To merc'leſs Tygers their offending King.
How happy were we if we could command
Our head-ſins, go, to the Arch-Tyrants land.

97.

The Bramines fight unarm'd, the Sword, the Spear,
They are the only weapons that they bear:
Right Combatants of *Mars* they scorn to throw
Cowardly Arrowes from the springing Bow.
My life a warfare is, Lord, let thy word
Thy dreadful word, be as a two-edgd Sword
To wound mine enemies, O be thou my Spear,
And if an Hoast besiege me I'le not fear.

98.

Hold water in their mouths, forceing their wives
The men of Burami lead quiet lives.
A better way then this there may be found
For both their ease, as this I shall propound.
It argues wisdome when the wife doth scold,
And clap her fists, the prudent husband hold
His passion in, and when the husband chides,
A wise wife her unruly member hides
'Twixt double doors: this well observ'd infringes
No Nuptial love, but keps them on their hindges.

99.

Ignatius Leiola, the first Jesuite
As ever I did read of, did delight

In

In giggling laughter, and why did he ſo?
His teeth (it may be yellow) for to ſhew:
A Jeſuite I would not wiſh to be,
Unleſs mine actions with my name agree:
Laughter is Cou'en-Germane unto folly,
Bitter is the extream of Malencholly:
To too much Mirth it is not ſafe to leane;
Nor too much Grief: There is a golden mean.
O grant, dear Lord, I may be alwayes glad
In thee, my God, or make me alwaies ſad;
If I muſt needs be proud, permit not me
To pride in any thing, great God, but thee;
Unfold my lips, for to agnize my ſin;
Let me be foul without, ſo, fair within.

100.

The *Alc'ran* tels us ther's a Bird nam'd *Ziz*,
(I think more fabulous then true it is)
So large, that when his wings abroad are hurl'd
They hide the Sun and darken all the world,
Though little credit unto this be due
Yet ſhall it's application be true.
Sin is this monſtrous bird, which doth obſcure
God's Sun-like face: 'tis ſin that doth immure
Our ſouls from faith, 'tis ſin that puts a skreen
And walls of ſeperation between

God

God and the soul; 'tis sin that hath the power
To cloath, in shades, this Micro-cosm of our:
Thou which from darkness didst deduce the day,
Banish such mists, let thy coruscant ray
Break through the clouds of my opposing sin;
That so thou maiest enlighten me within.

Poetic

Poetical Fiction

1. *On Jupiter.*

IN Creta, *Jupiter* was born, of *Ops*;
And *Saturn* nourished on Ida's tops,
By the self-gelding Corribants, who plaid
So loudly on their brazen drums, and made
Such tinkling sounds, and such obsteperous noise,
That *Saturn* might not heare his infants voyce:
The cheated god (thinks to secure his throne)
Instead of *Jupiter*, devours a stone,
Who was, no sooner grown to mans estate,
But seeing how his father did await
To drink his bloud, tumbles him headlong down,
And he himself usurps the Regal Crown:
The conquered god in Latium hides for shame,
The land of Latium hence derives her name.

2 *On Apollo.*

L*atona's* son in floating Delos born,
Vast *Cyclops* slew, his god-head lost, forlorn

Wanting

Wanting employment sits him down to keep
Thessalian Admetus fleecy sheep;
Mercury gave to him his Harp; the Speare,
Lyre, Buckler, on his Image painted were.
The Muses father, Poets chiefest power,
Au hor of Musick in the upper Bower;
Sol was he call'd, *Bacchus* in earth, in hell
Known by the name *Apollo*, he could tell
Things long before they were, he first did know
The Art of Phisick, from his radiant bow
His golden-footed messengers doth send
Whose rapid force sing to their journeys end;
In love with *Hiacynth*, and *Daphne*, he
Turnes him into a Flower, her a Tree.
The Lawrell, Olive, and the Juniper,
Unto *Apollo* consecrated were;
The Princely Cock, the Herauld of the day,
The griping Gosshauk greedy of his prey,
The silver Swan, and Crow, which can divine,
Is off'red up unto *Apollo's* shrine.

4 *On Bacchus.*

Jove's thigh-borne, Ivy crowned B cchus nurst
By Juno and the Nymphs, invented first

The uſe of wine, and over all the world
He rides, fell Tigers and fierce Lynces whirld
His Chariots rapid wheels, he did ſubdue
Innumerable Nations, and embrew
His hands in tawny Indians bloud, he taught
The Art to buy and ſell, the firſt that ſought
Triumphall honour, he his Temples bound
With Regal Diadems, and triumphs ſound.
The browſing Goat, and ſlugiſh Aſs are proud
For to be ſtiled his, ſee what a crowd
Of wanton Satyrs, and Sileni, comes,
Rending the ayer with their Kettle-drums,
Loud bellowing ſounds, the Menedes his Prieſts
His Orgis, and his Bacchanalian feaſts,
With ſuch vociferations celebrate,
As would tire Fabius for to relate
Their mad confuſed fragors: ſeem to mix
The burning Axle with the frigid Styx.

5 *On Mercury.*

GReat *Atlas* Nephew, *Jove* and *Maias* ſon,
Th' embaſſador of heavenly powers puts on
His Stag-like feet, and golden head, his wings,
Quits the bright Court: with him along he brings

His

His ſnake-ingirted-ſoporiferous Rod,
Becauſe that men ſhould know he is a god,
Addicted much to exerciſe and motion
Swims ſwiftly thorough the aerial Ocean:
No ſennuy force could weapons ſwifter fling
From Scythian bows, or Balearick ſtring,
Then he doth ſcud along: Merchants to trade
Inſtructeth how, tells Theeves for to evade
As he (a theeviſh god) by ſlight of Art
Was wont, when he did ſteale Apollo's dart;
He quickly took (and was as quickly gone)
Neptune's Mace, *Vulcan's* tongs, & golden Zone
Of roſe-cheek'd *Venus*, king *Admetus* drove (
And would have rob'd the bolts from thund'ri
VVhat e're he ſaw he made, what could there be
Secur'd from his light-finger'd Dietie?
This active nimble god from heaven came,
VVas Author, firſt, of the Paleſtrick game;
The uſe of the ſhrill ſounding Lute out found,
And on mount Caucaſus, *Prometheus* bound,
Hundred-eyd *Argus* in a conflict ſlew,
Freed captive *Mars*, and on a golden clue
Let downe by pulleys, from his fluent tongue,
The eares of his atentive hearers hung.
Cylenius, in Egypt worſhip'd is,
In the ſhape of Dog-headed *Anubis*;

Of him and *Venus*, an Hermaphrodite
Of either sex was born, then from the sight
Of the prodigious Gyants, having fled,
He in t'a Stork was Metamorphosed.

6 *On Mars.*

THe war-like god, great *Jove*, and *Juno*'s son
Caused the seed of discontent to run
Throughout the hospitable world, fierce anger
With flaming eyes, a strange confused clangor,
Deafning the heav'ns, mad fury, pallid fear,
Rageing oppression, jarring discord were
His sad concomitants; with bloudy rod,
Bellona waits upon this impious god,
Unto this all-devouring Diety:
In Lemnoe men were sacrifiz'd, the Py
That cheating bird, the watchful Dog, & brood-
-Destroying Vulture, the stout Cock, and bloud-
-Carowsing Wolfe, (true combatants of *Mars*)
Were dedicated to the god of warrs.
The Romans brag that they derive their line
From him, make him their patron, and assigne
To him his Salij, and do dedicate
The years first Month, oh what invet'rate hate

Bears

Beares he to *Pallas*? for his missile darts
At *Iove*-born wisdome fly, and lib'ral Arts
Him *Vulcan* with his spouse a bed espies,
And (angry) in a net doth them surprize:
Keeps them close p is'ner from captivitie.
Till *Neptune* by intreaties set them free.

7 *On Vulcan.*

The sooty god of *Iove* and *Iuno* sprung,
For his deformity from heaven flung,
Fell down into the Island Lemnos, with
The fall grew lame; made of the gods the Smith:
There sets up trade On sulphry Ætnae's top,
And Lipara sometimes he sets up shop;
Where, with the one-eyd monstrous *Cyclopes*,
Brontes, *Pyrachmon* and huge *Steropes*,
Iove's thunder armour for the gods he made
Against those Gyants which would heaven invade:
To him the Lion, fierc'st of beasts
Was consecrated; in his honor feasts,
And sacrifices, celebrated were
Called Protervia, what meat they spare
They burne: Gentiles with blazing torches run
And when the wick is spent their race is done.

A

At Juno's ſuit he made Æneas's ſhield,
At Thetis did Pelides armour yeild,
The potent Queen of riches and the air
He chaineth faſt unto a golden chaire;
His wife and *Mars* he in adultry found,
And them in Adamantine fetters bound.

8 *On Cibele.*

Cibele, mother of the Gods cal'd *Ops*,
From helpful wealth, and *Veſta* fair with crops
Of golden eared-labour-crowning crown,
She cloaths the fields; and doth her lap adorn (flowrs
With verdent graſs, choice hearbs, green trees, (weet
Wife was ſhe to the antient'ſt of all powers:
This antique Matron weares a branched gown,
And beares, upon her head, a Tower-like crown;
Her right hand holds a Mace, her left a Key;
To her, as Emblems of fertilitie,
The teeming Sow is ſacrific'd, then comes
(Beating their brazen hollow-ſounding drums)
A traine of ſelf-diſſected Coribants,
And round about the ſtreet for money dance,
To pleaſe their great *Cybele*, ſhe that found
Out rural pipes, and firſt did Cymbals ſound.

9 *On Juno.*

The ſceptred Queen of heaven, to thundring *Jove*
Siſter, and wife of marriage doth approve
Goddeſs of riches, ever counted mild
And helpful unto woman great with child;
Saturne, and *Ops*, her parents; ſhe was bred
Up by the Flowrs, and by the Sea-Nymphs fed.
Faire *Iris*, *Ledeas* twins, and Nymphs twice ſeaven
Fidelious ſervice, to the Queen of heaven,
Duly performe, and dayly waite upon her,
Reſpecting her according to her honour;
In a rich Charriot, ſtately to behold,
Of beaten ſilver and of burniſh'd gold,
A yoke of yellow Lyons draw her round
Her vaſt dominions; ſpangled ſtar-pav'd ground.
The taile-proud Peacock, and the vigilant Gooſe,
And ravenous Raven's ſacred to her uſe:
Her parties, to be married, off'rings bring,
And do the gall behind the Alters fling:
Her Temple open-roofed was, to enter
Therein, no whore by *Numa*'s law might venture.
Her coadjutor, who is wont to tye men
To females, known is by the name of *Hymen*.

This

This hand a Torch, and that a red vaile holds,
Therewith ſhe modeſt bluſhing Brides enfolds;
Iuno did ſhed her milke, rather then ſhe
A nurſe unto feirce *Herculee* would be:
Thence *Lillius* had their Alablaſter look,
From thence the milkie way its whiteneſs took:
This hand holds a Pomgranate, there doth ſtand
A Cuckow on her other ſceptered hand.

10. *On Venus.*

LOves Goddeſs, thrice more radient then the
Of *Cetus* teſticles, and Sea-froth born, (morne
With Roſy Chaplets her fair Temple's boun'd,
And ſometimes with the peaceful Mirtle crown'd;
Light Torches bears, and needle-pointed Arrows,
Prodromes of love, a yoke of lecherous Sparrows
Sometimes do draw her Charriots, now ſhe loves
To couple ſilver Swans, then ſpotleſs Doves;
Facundious *Merc'ry*, and the bounteous Graces,
Perſwaſive *Pytho*, in their ſeveral places,
Waite on her honour; who was ſaid to ſaile
To flow'ry Paphos, in a ſhell, a vaile
Of ſorrow-boading *Cyperus* ſhe wore,
When ſhe Bore-kil'd *Adonis* did deplore.

Sometimes a wanton Goate she rides upon,
And doth house-carrying tongueless snails tread on,
Mars into Seas of wantonness did steere her,
And reeling *Bacchus* was her Armour-bearer.
Paris assign'd unto the Queen of love,
The golden Apple which fell from above:
Juno prevails not, though she proffers treasure,
Pallas her gifts are slighted, it is pleasure
Load-stone to vice, attracts the wanton eye
Of injuditious *Paris*, wit may lie
And starve, for him rich *Juno* is neglected;
And *Venus*, who but *Venus*, is respected?
Hellen is rap'd, he *Hellen* doth enjoy,
A ten years warr ends in the fall of Troy:
O direct effects of love! by *Vulcan's* jaws
Troy was devour'd, but *Hellen* was the cause.

11 *On Minerva.*

Jove's brain-bred girle, the president of warr
Princess of peace drawn in a fiery Carr,
To her the Owl (To shew her clear discerning
Of obstruse secrets) sacred was of learning.
Of Arts of wisdome, she invent'ress was;
Her Target (Egis call'd) though smooth as glass,

Did

Did beare a Snake-hair'd *Gorgon's* head, thereon
Who ever look'd was turn'd into a ſtone;
She on a Dragon treads, gripes in her hand
A Crow, a Cock doth on her Helmet ſtand;
A long Cloake (Peplum cal'd) ſhe us'd to wear,
And in the air wave her glit'ring Spear;
Terrour and feare her waiting maids ſtood by her,
Tutor'd by her, *Prometheus* ſtole fire,
From *Titan's* burning Chariot, by which thing,
He many Arts did to perfection bring:
Her heav'n-ſent Image, the Paladium
Was by the veſtal Virgins kept at Rome:
The Trojans looſing, this their City, loſt,
Which in a Sea of ſtormy warrs was toſ'd?
Olives to her were ſacred, for ſhe found
The uſe of Oyl, her the *Athenians* crown'd
With decent Chaplets, made of Olive leavs;
Her new-found uſe of wooll, ſhe ſpins, and weaves,
A golden lamp to her was dedicated,
At her March feaſts the Miſtreſſes awaited
Upon their ſerving Maids, as Maſters tended
Upon their Men, till the Saturnal's ended.
Jove's thunder ſhe could uſe, and had the power
To raiſe a ſtorme, and qualifie a ſhower.
Her heavenly ſeat is next to *Jupiter*,
She went up into *Diomedes* Carr,

In *Orcus* pitchy Helmet hid (so sly)
That she was undiscern'd, by *Mars* his eye:
Palas, *Arachne* turn'd into a Spider,
Ambition loves no equals live beside her.

12 *On Diana.*

Apollo's sister daughter unto *Jove*,
And fair *Latona*, loves in woods to rove;
And on the swelling hills: from her sure bow
Her Arrows (messengers of death) doth throw,
At swift-foot Dears, and timorous Hares, which hast
For life, but meet with death; *Diana* chast
Goddess of dancing, unto virgins mild;
Propitious unto women great with child:
An eye of watchfulness, this Goddess sets,
Over the Fishers and the Hunters nets.
The dancing Satyrs. Sylvan Dryades,
Nymphs, Hamadryades, and Orades,
Do in her sight delight; in Heaven, Earth, Hell,
Luna Diana, *Proserpine*, do dwell;
One and the same, Triform'd, and Trivia nam'd,
Because, where three waies met, there she was fam'd
This winged Goddess easily restrains
Fierce Lions force, and speck'led Leopards reines
Th

The all-united force of milk-white Stags,
Through Marble plains her silver Chariot drags;
Because, with hornes, she looketh beautifull,
Men sacrifized unto her a Bull;
Nay more (while they *Diana* did invoke)
With humane flesh her frequent Altars smoke.

13 *On Ceres and Proserpine,*

Corne crowned *Ceres*, *Saturne* and faire *Ops*
Faire Off-spring smiles, upon her golden crops
Holds wealthy *Plutus*, who at her command
Scatters his bounty with a liberal hand.
Plenty and Hony-mouthed peace remaine
Linck'd fast together by a silken chaine
None to her sacrifice at any time
Could ent'rance find, if conscious of a crime
Faire Venus, Iuno and Minerua to;
Did on a certaine time a Maying goe,
Proserpine bare them company, who while
Shee gathered Popy, with a pleasing toil
Tricking her bosome, with delightfull flowres
Grim Pluto whirld her to his pitchy Bowres
For his Tartarian Chariots, Cerb'rous sings
And fell Erynnis Scorpions have nor stings,

Ixions wheele ſtood ſtill, Promtheus heart
Feeles no corroding Vipers, Flouds impart
Theire liquor unto thirſty Tantalus,
The ſtone affordeth reſt to Siſyphus:
The lab'ring Belides have leave to play
And ſolemnize this ioyfull marrage day
Now *Ceres* mother takes a flaming Pine
And ſorrowing ſeeketh for her Proſerpine
And kindly entertained by Celeus
Taught them how to ſow corne; *Triptolemus*
His Son by day, with milk, by night with fire,
She nouriſhed; while *Celius* did enquire
Too curiouſly in this, him *Ceres* ſlew.
Triptol'mus Chariot winged Dragons drew,
Circling the world *Triptolemus* to men
Firſt taught the uſe of Corn; from Dis, his den
Proſerpine could not redelivered be
Becauſe ſhe, of a fare Pomgranate tree
(Which did in Pluto's Orchard grow) did taſte;
Yet ſhe obtain'd ſuch favour, at the laſt,
As to continue (after ſhe was found)
Six months above, as many under ground;
Halfe a yeare here, as long aſſign'd to dwell
Black Pluto's Queen, in the low Countries, Hell:
Witches to Hecate, their Goddeſs, come;
Unto her offred are the Hecatombe.

To

To ſhew th'unconſtancy of wealth and ſtore,
Halfe moones upon their ſhoes the Romans wore.

14 *On Pluto.*

Saturne's three ſons ſhar'd his eſtate, heav'n fell
To *Iove*, to *Neptune* Sea; to *Pluto* Hell.
And all earth's golden entrails appertains,
His triple-headed *Ceberus* bound in chains
Of Adamant, holding a bunch of keys,
Before the pitchy Pallace kennel'd lies;
Horrible for his ſnakey hares, keeps centry
To guard hell's Monarch; Sybil in this entry
(Which with a vig'lant eye he us'd to keep)
Did by her wiſdome, lul him faſt aſleep; (ſpue,
Thence *Here'les* drag'd him, light doth make him
And of his foame the poyſ'nous Wolf-bane grew;
The raiging Furies, the life-meaſuring Fates,
Rapacious Harpies, waite within the gates
Of grim ſly *Dis*, with Fun'rall Cypres crown'd,
Who, galloping on his black Steeds, is found
By fraud'lent Cheaters, curſed Perjurers,
Oppreſſors, Lyars, and Extortioners:
But very ſlowly halteth from his den,
To honeſt, godly, conſcionable men.

He cometh creeping when he wealth doth bring,
Departing, flitteth with an Eagles wing.
Who e're put on Pluto his Helmet, he,
Became invisible, and from danger free:
With this same Helmet coverd, Wisdomes Queen
Fought against Troy, and was, by *Mars* unseen.
How *Pluto* ravished his *Proserpine*,
I lately told and shall not tel't agin.

15 *On Charon.*

The squalid son of *Erebus* and Night
Old, but not weak, most terrible for sight:
Vigorous, furious, coveteous, and sad,
With greasy, sordid, ragged garments clad:
In his old rotten, feeble, brittle wherry,
Mens souls to tha Elizium he doth ferry,
Over the scalding Lakes of Phlegethon:
Mournful *Cocytus*, joyless *Acheron*,
Hateful *Styx*, (by which the Gods did sweare)
Oblivion; causing *Lethe*, for his fare,
Each passenger a half-penny must carry
In his shut mouth, or else for passage tarry:
None but the dead t'his boat admitted be,
Yet was *Eneas*, for his pietie,

Too

Took in alive; *Hercules* entrance found,
Theseus by ſtrength, *Orpheus* by's muſicks ſound;
Alive, and with no fares theſe Champions came,
Into the pitchy Realms of *Barathrum*.

16 *On Minos, Eacus, Rhadamanthus,*

Iuſt *Minos*, husband to the beautiful
Paſiphas, who intirely lov'd a Bull:
Into a wooden Cow, which he did frame.
Her, *Dedalus* puts, the Minotaur thence came.
No ſooner was this known to *Minos*, but
He *Dedalus* and his Son Icarus ſhut
With that ſame Man-Bull Monſter fed with men)
Within his ſelf-made Labyrinth, and then
Haveing obtain'd the favour of a clue
Of threed, they made evaſion, and flew
From *Cretae*'s Iſle; with Artificial plumes,
While unadviſed *Icarus* preſumes
Too high a flight, his waxen wings did melt,
And ſtraightway fail'd, when they no ſooner felt
The ſcorching force of *Titan*'s fiery beames
He fell and chriſtned the Icarian ſtreames.
Theseus the man-eating ſtroying Monſter ſlew,
And ſcap'd, help'd out by *Ariadne*'s clue.

Iove

Jove his three Sons to be hell's judges ſent,
Who in their way (by him directed) went
Thorough a flow'ry Meadow, which was though
The field of truth, poor naked ſouls were brought
To theſe impartial Judges, who were ſtrict
In dealing righteous judgment, and t' inflict
Deſerved puniſhment upon offenders,
Furies, and evill Genii, their atenders,
With thund'ring whips of ſteell are ready ſtill,
To execute theſe righteous Judges will,
On conſcious ſouls; as bloudy murtherers,
Adulterers, hollow-hearted flaterers,
Claw-bac'd detractors, glozing Sycophants,
He which hath ſtore of guilt no torment wants.
Æacus, *Rhadamonthus*, ſit by one
Another lovingly, *Minos* alone.
When as *Ægina* was unpeopl'd then
At *Eacus* prayers, *Jove* turn'd the Ants to men;
His timely Orizons deliver'd Greece,
From the devouring plague, which did encreaſe,
And feaſt it ſelf on fleſh, carowſing bowls
Of the infected bloud of dying ſouls.

17 *Enume-*

17 *Eumenides.*

THe ſnake-hair'd furies, born of Night and *Dis*,
Eumen'des nam'd by an Antiphraſis;
In heaven *Diræ* and in earth they be
Call'd *Harpiæ*, and in hell the *Furiæ*,
The Stygian Dogs of *Pluto*; *Alecto*
With bloudy-burning Pine, runs too and fro;
Envious *Megæra* riſeth from her chair,
And with her poyſnous breath infects the air;
The furnace of her mouth (beſeig'd with fire)
Contagious vapors caſts her whip of wire
Mad drunk with bloud, makes ſuch a dreadful ſound
As though the heauen, & earth, it would confound,
Spightful *Teſipeone* with Scorpions ſtings
Offenders, and her horrour-boding wings
She ſtearnly ſhakes, and makes the guilty feel
Th' imprinted ſtrokes of her revengful ſteel.
Theſe ſiſters, dredful for their brazen feet;
Snake-hairs, loud-ſounding ſcourges have their ſeat
With *Apollo's* ſacred Temple porch,
Diſmaly tining their infeſtuous Torch;
Worſhip'd they were, that they no hurt might doe,
Who into their Achaian Temple goe,

Guilty

Guilty of murther, inceſt, theft, or acted.
Much like enormities, did grow diſtracted

18 *On the Harpies, Stryges, and Lamiæ.*

Æ*llo, Celeno,* and *Ocypete,*
The names of the rapacious Harpies be;
Who did, the meat upon blind *Phenens* table
Pollute, and then devour (as runs the Fable)
Their flat'ring countenance, and maiden faces,
Do ſeem to promiſe and portend embraces;
Their Dragons tails, and tallons of an Eagle,
Threat ruine unto thoſe whom they inveagle.
When as tra'lucent *Phebe* doth appear,
The *Striges* and the *Lamiæ* domineere,
Suck childrens bloud, with *Hecatean* charmes,
Hurt Cattle, therefore from ſuch noxious harmes
They *Carne* to protect them doe invoke,
And with their ſacrifices Altars ſmoke.

19 *On Chimera.*

Three ſhap'd *Chimera*, that much hurt had doo
At laſt was killed by *Belerophon*,

A Lions head he had ', his gulf-like throate
Breaths fire, the belly of a wanton goate
Not wanting was to him, and leaſt he faile
Of ſpight, he had the poyſ'nous Dragons taile.

20 *On the Fates.*

TH' inexorable *Parce*, borne of Hell,
And night, three Sifters were aſſign'd to dwell
Within a pitchy cavern ', nature bindes
Their ſouls in peaceſull union : *Clotho* windes
Flax on the Diſtaffe, and the thred of life
Is ſpun by *Lacheſis*, the fatal knife
Of *Atropos* divideth it in twain,
Which done it cannot be conjoyn'd againe.
The Series of things, *Jupiter's* ſcribes
Will not divert, no, for a world of bribes :
Creſus his ſtore, the wealth that *Midas* treaſur'd,
Cannot prorogue the life that they have meaſur'd:
Th'intreats of virtue, nor the threats of vice,
Melts them to mercy ; neither prayer nor price
Wring out compaſſion, no fire can thaw
Their frozen hearts, nor can affliction draw
Their thoughts to pitty, they regard no m nes,
Nor thunder of ingemenated groanes.

Nor

Noe ſtormy ſighs, nor ſilent-pleading tears,
Can force the rocky portals of their ears;
They'r cloath'd in white, haveing their temples crown'd
An Adamantine diſtaffe held, which round
The ſpacious orb encircled, their extent
And ſolid ſtableneſs, thereby was meant.
By theſe three Fates is underſtood, by ſome,
Time paſt, time preſent, and the time to come.

FINIS.